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THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1925

The Blighting Bourgeoisie

BY

LORD MILNER

Me and de Maupassant

Watch America

BY

NORMAN ANGELL

Husband and Nurse

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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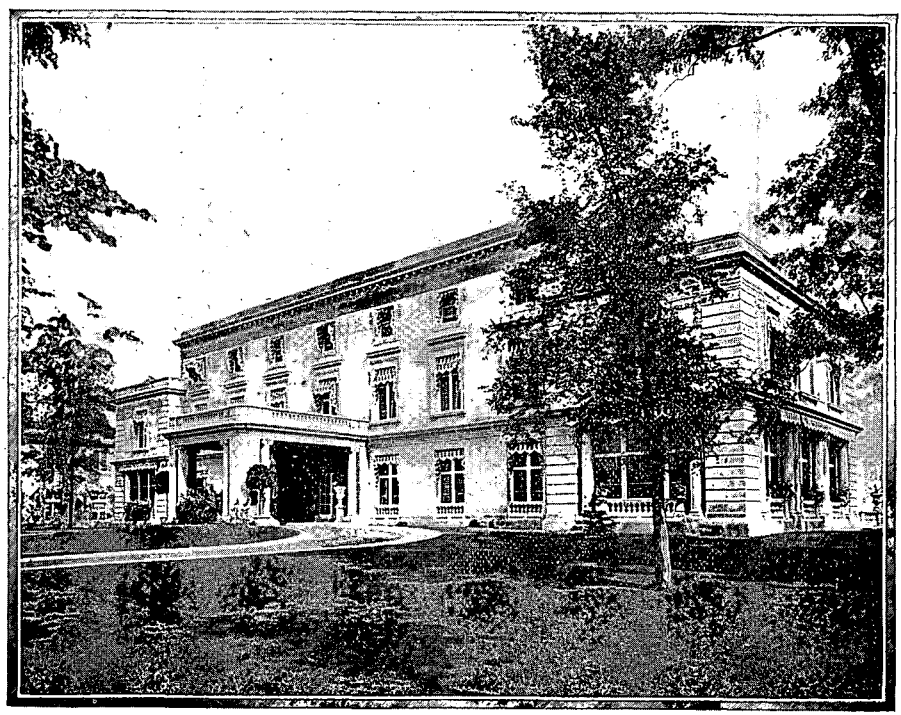

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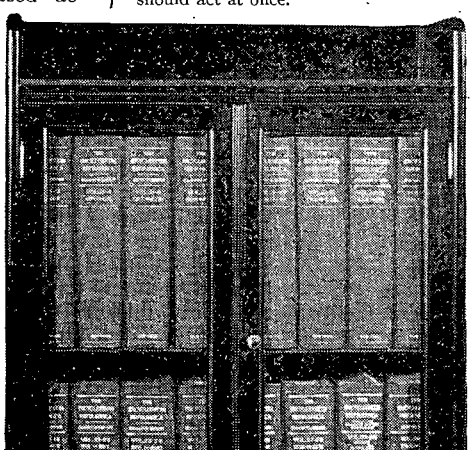

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

The Living Age's leaves from the late **Lord Milner's** notebook may have been unpremeditated, but they were written with authority by one who had spent more than forty years in British public life. Like so many young Englishmen with political aspirations, Lord Milner began as private secretary to a minister, and, passing through various minor offices, was High Commissioner for South Africa before, during, and after the Boer War. He entered the War Cabinet in 1916, and was Secretary of State for War in 1918 and 1919.

Professor Horace Lamb, who follows a long array of famous predecessors in delivering this year's presidential address at the annual meeting of the British Association, has devoted most of his life to physics and mathematics. He has held professorships at the University of Adelaide, Owens College, and the University of Manchester, is the author of important books in his special fields, and the holder of innumerable degrees.

Our **'Swiss Correspondent'** and **'German Publicist'** are coy about their true names, like so many European writers on foreign affairs. The latter is presumably a distinguished German diplomat of the old régime now residing in Rome. In defense of their anonymity it may be said that, conditions abroad being what they are, a writer frequently has good reason for concealing his identity; and, given that privilege, is the more likely to have something interesting to reveal.

Rafael Nieto, now Mexican Ambassador to Italy, is one of the younger group who have risen to prominence in Mexico during the years of revolution. He served a term as Governor of the State of San Luis Potosí, and represented his country at Stockholm before going to Rome. The sister of the Governor is likely to have special privileges, even in the most democratic country in the world, but that is only one reason why the Australian adventures of **Philippa Bridges** are worth reading. Her brother, Sir George Bridges, is the man who sways the destiny — though why destinies should be swayed this department never could see — of South Australia.

Several important unpublished fragments by Russian masters have come to light since the Revolution — some because the Soviet authorities have been ransacking the archives of the old-time censor; some, no doubt, because the upheaval occasioned by the Revolution has opened family treasures; and others with the passing of time which brings treasure-trove to light in the more ordinary course of events. The **Lev Tolstoi** whose work appears in this issue is the famous novelist himself, and not the distinguished son who was named for him but has also made a name for himself in Russian literature. When all is said and done, only one man could have written *War and Peace*, or any part of it.

The **'Friend'** of Guy de Maupassant who dwells so tenderly but so explicitly upon the foibles of a genius is for excellent and obvious reasons unidentified. Some of our readers may find a clue in the fact that his writing is so clearly in the vein of the author of *Uncensored Recollections*, and *Things I Should n't Tell*.

Norman Angell is not the president of Yale University, whatever the illiterate may think about it. Indeed, he is not even an American, though he has lived here long enough to know all about us. Instead he is the gentleman who wrote *The Great Illusion*, and who — if he were n't too polite — would now be going about the globe saying, 'I told you so!' There was a time when doughty generals roared and salt old admirals bellowed at the mere sound of the celestial syllables of his nom de plume; but it did n't matter. Mr. Lane — for his real name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane — was right ahead of time. War does n't pay, and what he was saying before the war all Europe agrees with to-day.

Denis Mackail is a Scotchman who writes entertaining fiction. Read his story, 'Nana Sahib,' and scorn forever afterward the hoary falsehood that the Scotch have no sense of humor.

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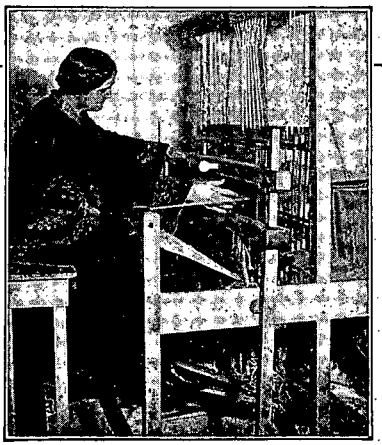

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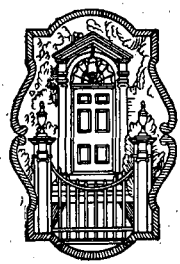

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192 Book of Synonyms
326 Hints on Writing Stories
496 Hints on Writing Plays
437 Hints on Scenario Writing
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
556 Hints on Etiquette
629 Hand-Book of Legal Forms
639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 English Composition Self Taught
855 How to Write Letters
872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
703 Physiology Self Taught
734 Book of Useful Phrases
815 Book of Familiar Quotations
835 Handbook of Useful Tables
847 Card Games, How to Play
33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
522 Life of Paine
523 Life of Franklin
769 Life of Jefferson
128 Life of Caesar
712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
718 Great Women of Antiquity
537 Life of Barnum
504 Life of Roosevelt
324 Life of Lincoln
438-439 Secret Memoirs. De Pompadour 2 vols.
747 Duse's Love Affair with D'Annunzio
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
179 Gems from Emerson
338 A Guide to Emerson
176 Four Essays on Sex. Ellis
21 Carmen. Merimee
23 Great Stories of the Sea
58 Tales From Decameron. Boccaccio
572 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
573 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
574 Falcon and Other Tales. Boccaccio
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
148 Strength of Strong. Jack London
145 Great Ghost Stories
151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling
131 Finest Story in World. Kipling
132 The Man Who Was. Kipling
133 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling
136 The Mark of the Beast. Kipling
157 City of Dreadful Night. Kipling
177 Man Without a Country. Hale
107 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie
89 Great Yiddish Stories
198 Tales of Chicago. Hecht
199 Broken Necks. Hecht
145 Montes: The Matador. Frank Harris
146 Daughter of Eve. Harris

726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
844 Voyage to Lilliput
344 Don Juan. Balzac
665 Love Letters of Bernhardt
675 Bernhardt's Philosophy of Love
314 Short Stories. Daudet
198 Majesty of Justice. France
828 Wisdom of the Ages. France
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
6 Love. Maupassant
199 Tallow Ball. Maupassant
292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
886 Piece of String. De Maupassant
887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
340 Life of Jesus. Renan
3 Fourteen Essays. Voltaire
28 Toleration. Voltaire
83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant
125 War Speech of Wilson
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
150 Lost Civilizations. Finger
214 Speeches of Lincoln
276 Speeches of Washington
286 Prostitution in Ancient World
558 Great Pirates. Finger
627 Short History of the Jews. Wood
18 Idle Thoughts Idle Fellow. Jerome
20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
166 English as She Is Spoke. Twain
231 Eight Humorous Sketches. Twain
291 The Jumping Frog. Twain
662 Amusing Answers. Twain
663 Journalism in Tennessee. Twain
668 Humorous Fables. Twain
205 Artemus Ward, His Book
382 Humor of Lincoln
669 Josh Billings' Epigrams
771 The Humor of "Bill" Nye
44 Aesop's Fables
57 Rip Van Winkle
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland
188 Adventures of Munchausen
391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida
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559 Robinson Crusoe
716 Mother Goose
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella
213 Havelock Ellis. Goldberg
611 Mencken. Goldberg
84 Love Letters of Nun
89 Love Letters of Genius
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
177 Subjection of Women. Mill
289 Pepys' Diary
640 Apostate. Jack London
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse. Dreiser
497 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
499 Dictionary of Classical Mythology
163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
167 Rules of Health. Plutarch
114 Proverbs of France
116 Proverbs of China
119 Proverbs of Ireland

120 Proverbs of Spain
121 Proverbs of Arabia
401 Proverbs of India
56 Wisdom of Ingersoll
59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
77 What Great Men Said About Women
180 Epigrams of Shaw
304 What Great Women Said About Men
707 Epigrams of Love
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
65 Meditations of Marcus Aurelius
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
96 Dialogues of Plato
138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer
671 Discourses of Epictetus
736 Morals of Seneca
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4 Age of Reason. Paine
61 What Is Religion? Tolstoy
62 Essays. Schopenhauer
76 Prince of Peace. Bryan
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
174 Ten Dialogues on Religion. Voltaire
184 Primitive Beliefs
185 The Gods. Ingersoll
322 Buddhist Philosophy of Life
218 Essence of the Talmud
428 Essence of the Koran
325 Essence of Buddhism
471 Essence of Confucianism
593 As a Man Thinketh
620 Pilgrim's Progress
636 Greatest Thing in the World
684 Essence of Judaism
735 Confessions of Saint Augustine
851 Sources of Bible Myths and Legends
12 Tales of Mystery. Poe
32 Poe's Poems
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
79 Enoch Arden
222 Vampire, etc. Kipling
783 Mandalay, etc. Kipling
795 Cunga Din, etc. Kipling
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739 Verses of Terror and Wonder
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744 Poems of Shelley
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
24 The Kiss. Chekhov
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky
386 Creatures That Once Were Men. Gorky
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
131 Redemption (Drama). Tolstoy
13 Man and His Ancestors
227 Introduction to Zoology
275 Building of the Earth
321 A History of Evolution
694 Evidence for Evolution
42 Origin of Human Race
53 Insects and Men. Clarence Darrow
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
190 Psycho-Analysis — The Key to Human Behavior. Fielding
217 Puzzle of Personality: Study in Psycho-Analysis
447 Auto-Suggestion — How It Works. Fielding
327 Ice Age. Finger
417 Nature of Dreams
491 Psychology for Beginners
493 New Discoveries in Science
524 Death: and Its Problems. Carrington
679 Chemistry for Beginners
761 Food and Diet
467 Evolution Made Plain
481 The Stone Age. Wood
710 Botany for Beginners

191 Evolution vs. Dogma
609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
808 Man's Debt to the Sun
725 Zoology Self Taught
727 Psychology of Affections
728 Life Among Bees
833 Life Among Ants
860 Our Insect Enemies
885 Know the Spiders
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
861 Behaviorism: Newest Psychology
81 Care of the Baby
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
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784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands
130 Controversy on Christianity. Ingersoll-Gladstone
208 Debate on Birth Control. Mrs. Sanger-Russell
234 McNeal-Sinclair Debate on Socialism
341 Lincoln-Douglas Debate
652 Is K K K Destructive? Imperial Wizard Evans and Zangwill
883 Debate on Capital Punishment. Darrow and Tulley
884 Debate on Prohibition. Darrow and Holmes
816 Popular Shakespearean Quotations
246 Hamlet
247 Macbeth
255 King Lear
249 Julius Caesar
250 Romeo and Juliet
268 Merchant of Venice
256 Venus and Adonis
38 Jekyll and Hyde
554 Child's Garden of Verses
2 Ballad of Reading Jail. Wilde
46 Salome
168 Epigrams of Oscar Wilde
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787 The Harlot's House. Wilde
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THE LIVING AGE

October 3, 1925

Vol. 327 CONTENTS No. 4239

Around the World in September 1

Economic Memoranda . . . . . LORD MILNER 7
Unpublished Leaves from the Notebook of a Great Statesman of the Old Régime

The Promises of Science . . . . . PROFESSOR HORACE LAMB 9
The Presidential Address at the British Association

Birds in Spring . . . . . EDEN PHILLPOTTS 11
A Poem

Morocco in War and Peace: Contrasting Aspects of White Imperialism
I. Evacuation under Fire . . . . . MANUE 12
II. Propaganda for the Ploughshare . . . . A SWISS CORRESPONDENT 17

As We See Things Now. II . . . . . A GERMAN PUBLICIST 19
How Democratic-Pacifist Statesmen Blundered into a Disastrous War and an Imperialist Peace

Mexico, the United States, and Japan . . . . . RAFAEL NIETO 26
One More Chapter in the Debate on Nordic-Latin Relations in the Western Hemisphere

The Dead Heart of Australia. I . . . . . PHILIPPA BRIDGES 29
By Camel, Car, and Buggy across One of the World's Last Empty Spaces

Spinster . . . . . MARION PEACOCK 34
A Poem

The French in Moscow . . . . . LEV TOLSTOI 35
Another Unpublished Episode from *War and Peace* Describing Moscow in Possession of Napoleon's Troopers

Guy de Maupassant as I Knew Him . . . . . A FRIEND 43
Paris Nights with an Errant Genius, as Described by an Old Viveur Grown Reminiscent

Learning from America . . . . . NORMAN ANGELL 55
The New United States and the Old Contrasted with the Mother Country by a Famous Writer Who Is Intimately Acquainted with All Three

A Child's Song . . . . . ROBERT FINCH 61
A Poem

Nana Sahib . . . . . DENIS MACKAIL 62
A Little Story for Married People

Life, Letters, and the Arts 72

The Book of the Month 76

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THIS WEEK

'MUCH in little' must have been *Lord Milner's* motto whenever he wrote anything in his notebooks. In an amazingly few words he disposes of the entire theory of lower-middle-class economics on which British statesmen have been muddling through for the last hundred years. Another brief but pregnant contribution is that of *Professor Horace Lamb.* When scientists have to defend themselves by saying that algebra is like symphonic music, they clearly have their backs to the wall. Nor can they get away with saying that the people who make the most extravagant claims for science are those who know least about it. Religion has its evangelists, and Washington has its State Department.

❦ ❦ ❦

The two descriptions of Morocco, brilliant and vivid in every detail, will make a special appeal to those stubborn Yankee Shylocks who cannot see why France should be let off her debt if she can afford to support an army whose chief activity consists of burning down acres of ripe wheat in Morocco. Somehow the attitude of *Rafael Nieto* is more admirable. Our Mexican friend does not aspire to the rôle of Stanley Baldwin, a consummate Nordic gentleman in private life, but distinctly harsh and grasping in his dealings with Egyptians. If the United States became embroiled with Japan, Mexico should not, we are assured, allow worldly considerations to influence her to hop in on our side. Rather she should sit loftily apart, selling goods to the highest bidder.

❦ ❦ ❦

Philippa Bridges does not make this department want to go to Australia. Not only is the heart of the country, which this intrepid lady visited, quite dead, but she makes us feel that the whole continent lacks what Bergson might have called the *élan vital.*

❦ ❦ ❦

It is a real pleasure to meet such a fearful snob as Guy de Maupassant's boy friend, who can scarcely get through a sentence without an intimate parenthetical reference to the love life of Edward VII, the social graces of the Rothschilds, the deplorable Bostonisms of Henry James, whose dull Brahman eye and massive skull made Guy, as he is familiarly called, physically ill. In short, these reminiscences contain all those indiscretions and conceits that make history and biography readable as well as worth reading.

❦ ❦ ❦

Norman Angell draws a very flattering contrast between the United States and Great Britain. It probably required every bit as much courage for him to point out the superiority of American civilization to that of the British as it did for him to preach pacifism at the height of the War. And, what is more, it will probably lay him open to the same old traitorous suspicions.

❦ ❦ ❦

Every weakening spinster or bachelor, every engaged couple on the *Living Age* subscription list, should read *Denis Mackail's* short story, 'Nana Sahib,' before taking any further steps. It is not about India, and all the names can be pronounced without recourse to a throat spray when the tale is told. Stauncher celibates will take pleasure in rushing around to their young married friends, chaining them to their cheap uncomfortable furniture and reading it aloud with all the air of modern Torquemadas.

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THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD IN SEPTEMBER

PROBABLY the most significant development in Europe during the past few weeks, for those who see things in larger perspectives, is the swing of organized labor, especially in Great Britain, away from parliamentarism and political tactics toward direct action. This is a trend that brings what has hitherto been the more conservative school of labor leadership closer to Moscow and the Third International. British workers are disillusioned by the failure of Ramsay MacDonald's Government last year to accomplish anything practical for their betterment. The rank and file have grown cynical over the eagerness that trade-union leaders then showed to receive social attentions from the upper classes and their interest in the other decorative amenities of high office. Communism's reiterated epithets, 'labor-bourgeois politicians,' 'parliamentary lackeys of capitalism,' are little by little sinking into the minds of even more conservative wage-earners. Radicals like Mr. Cook, the head of the Coal Miners' Union, wild talkers though they are, have won a few spectacular victories for their followers. On the whole, therefore, the stock of Bolshevist tacticians is rising even though Communist economics may be discredited.

This change was marked in Great Britain by the relegation of old tried and conservative trade-union leaders to the background at the late Trade-Union Congress at Scarborough, and the adoption of resolutions looking toward a policy of direct action. Among the most important of these measures was one, fathered by a Communist delegate, to establish shop committees, which are ideal propaganda-agencies in Bolshevist eyes, because they can be imperceptibly converted into Communist cells.

Apparently the British Government is preparing quietly for a possible industrial tie-up. The Labor *Daily Herald* publishes alleged particulars of a secret army-order providing for a new constabulary, to be controlled by the War Office and to contain no organized workers — what some excited Laborists already designate as 'British Black-and-Tans.' Rumors are also current that the Government is as-

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sembling large food-supplies against a possible general strike. Some labor-unions, notably the Miners', profess to be raising a fund to provision the families of workers in such a crisis.

The disposition of Labor to break away from its conservative leaders was illustrated also by the seamen's strike against the terms of an agreement signed by the officers of the 'National Sailors' and Firemen's Union' with the employers, providing for a return to the wage-level of June 1924. This strike, to be sure, was confined largely to Southampton in Great Britain and to the Empire's outports, particularly in Australia. In view of the great quantity of shipping laid up in England, the drop of freights, and the prevalent unemployment, such a movement was bound to fail, but it may have political repercussions in the Commonwealth, where Mr. Bruce, the Federal Premier, took steps to expel British strike-leaders from Australia and met resistance from Mr. Lang, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, who questioned the authority of the Federal Government to carry out such an 'iniquitous measure.'

Meanwhile the Second, or Moderate Socialist, International has held a Congress at Marseille, where sentiment was preponderantly in favor of the Geneva Protocol as distinguished from the Security Pact. Continental Socialism still maintains its attitude of intense doctrinal and political antagonism to the Russian brand of Communism. In respect to both these issues the British were a moderating element, favorable to closer coöperation with Russia, and not entirely distrustful of the Pact. The final resolutions supported the Protocol and urged the British and Dominion Governments to accept it, pressed for the admission of Germany and Russia to the League, and embodied a mild version of a resolution attacking Russian Communism, from which vituperative phrases that the small border States wished inserted had been eliminated at the insistence of the British and the Germans. The Congress drew attention to the aggravation of unemployment due to 'a mistaken Reparations policy' and the refusal to cancel Interallied war-debts. Both British and Continental Labor condemn the Dawes Plan, as shifting the ultimate burden of war costs upon the wage-earners, for the benefit of wealthy bondholders. Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, tried to move as an amendment a root-and-branch denunciation of the peace treaties, but was ruled out of order and left the meeting with the parting shot that the members could 'go to Hell' if they had not the courage to say what they believed.

The debt question irresistibly intrudes itself into every European discussion. Lucian Romier, editor of *Le Figaro*, declared: 'A Draconian settlement of our foreign debt would infallibly force France into a policy of adventure. And should France adopt such a course, it would mean something to civilization. This is quite apart from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon world incurs a great risk in putting all Europe at forced labor.' Mr. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, who doubtless resents the attacks upon Great Britain as a 'moron Shylock' that have adorned the leader columns of temperamental Paris newspapers, nevertheless objurgates our country as follows: 'The spectacle of Dives getting his pound of flesh from Lazarus could never be exhilarating. The sight of the United States coercing Belgium into the position of a tributary State for sixty years can only be described as nauseating.' He then proceeds to uncover the cause of our reprehensible conduct.

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Just as the Irish vote is the pivot of democratic politics in the eastern States, so the German vote in the Middle West is indispensable to the Republican Party. To propitiate this vast German vote successive American Administrations have squeezed the Allies so as to weaken them vis-à-vis the Fatherland of the German-American voter, by whom it is shrewdly calculated that, if enough money be extorted by way of American tribute from the European enemies of Germany, there will be correspondingly less available for defensive armaments, which will be so depleted in France, Great Britain, Belgium, and Italy as ultimately to afford the restored Hohenzollerns a chance of resuming the 'frightful adventure' of 1914.

La Tribuna argues that Italy considers her debt a debt of honor, but that she cannot pay it if her emigrants and products are excluded from America. 'While on one side Italy is called upon to pay what she owes, on the other side she is prevented from obtaining a trade balance without which she cannot do so.' While *La Stampa* remarks of the Belgian settlement: —

It will promptly silence all talk of a 'bloc of debtor States.' Any plan for a Continental bloc is absurd, whether it be to deal with our war debts or with questions of international politics, so long as it is directed against the Anglo-Saxon countries. For Continental Europe, quite apart from her position as a debtor, needs now, and will continue to need, the economic assistance of those nations. She needs, furthermore, their political coöperation. Last of all, Europe is neither territorially nor in any other respect a national group with harmonious interests, forces, and tendencies.

Avanti, the organ of the Italian Communists, appeals to the Middle Ages for precedents of human fraternity that America as a typical capitalist country refuses to recognize: —

Is it America's fault? Marx shows us that it is not. Capitalism 'has no heart and no shame.' The intimate and tacit sense of solidarity that in the Middle Ages made the different States of Europe a single Christian commonwealth bound together by a brotherhood of faith, that found expression in the common action of the Crusades, has been supplanted by sterile competition, heartless commercial rivalry, and selfish insistence on financial 'rights.'

English comment on the arrangement for settling France's debts to Great Britain agreed upon by Mr. Churchill and M. Caillaux was not altogether cordial. The *New Statesman* said: 'We suppose that the offer was made on the principle of "anything for peace." Otherwise it is hard to understand why the British Government should accept a sum in satisfaction of a debt upon which British taxpayers are actually paying more than twice the amount in annual interest.' The Conservative *Saturday Review* thought Mr. Churchill's concessions exhibited a generosity 'which will cause surprise here and amazement in America,' and adds: 'France's debt difficulties arise in great part, of course, from her excessive expenditure of armaments for her own and her Eastern European allies.' Moreover, the French press has done little to promote a generous mood in Great Britain itself. 'We object, for example, to being referred to by so well-known a writer as Jacques Bainville as "Shylocks," and were not delighted to be told that our greed is due to the "smallness of our intellects."' The *Spectator* cautioned its readers: 'The more we let France off the more America would expect her to pay at Washington.'

Lord Bradbury has estimated that France could pay in discharge of her debt to Great Britain and America between forty million and fifty million pounds a year without the help of German reparations. But reparations would almost certainly be a great help, as it must be remembered that under the Dawes Scheme France is allotted fifty-two per cent as against the twenty-two per cent allotted to Great

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Britain. It is unfortunate that Frenchmen have never really consented to tax themselves adequately. The taxation in Great Britain amounts to £15 7*s*. 2*d*. per head, but in France it is only £7 6*s*. 11*d*. per head.

The suspicion voiced in the American press that Great Britain's settlement with France was designed to influence our terms to the latter country caused lively resentment. The *New Statesman* said: —

> The suggestion is so extravagantly ridiculous that it seems scarcely worth refuting. It makes one wonder whether in certain circles in America suspicion of all things European has not become actually a disease.

The *Outlook* exclaimed: —

> Surely both we and France are entitled to settle our debt on terms suitable to ourselves without having to consult Washington. . . . America has continually insisted on its rights to separate agreements with each nation individually. . . . Then why all this outcry about a plot? What we decide to do with our debtors is entirely our own affair. If we wish to remit some of the French debt, it is we who are taking on the burden, not the United States.

Perhaps the disposition shown at the League meetings in Geneva to go it alone, irrespective of Washington's policies, which have hitherto received a great amount of consideration from that source, is to be explained partly by the prospect of an early regulation of the debts and a consciousness of common interest on the part of the larger debtor Powers in their relations with this country.

The Painlevé Cabinet in France is struggling along with an uncertain majority conditional upon the support of the Parties of the Right now that the Socialists have deserted it. Some political prophets forecast a Caillaux Cabinet this autumn if the Finance Minister's mission to America is successful. Briand is running second at present, partly because the Security Pact upon which he is engaged is of less vital interest to the average Frenchman than a stabilization of his country's finances. But there are many pitfalls in Caillaux's path, not the least of which is the necessity of imposing higher taxes before the budget can be balanced. He is reported to contemplate heavy additions, especially to the higher categories of the income tax, raising them to the rate already collected in America.

During the gradual shifting of political power toward the Right, which has characterized the history of the German Government since the Revolution, the centre of authority remained for a considerable period in the hands of the Clerical Party, which gave three Chancellors to the Government — Fehrenbach, Wirth, and Marx. With the advent of the present Luther Ministry, latent divisions in this Party began to manifest themselves over the question of supporting the new Cabinet. These weakened the Party, and more Catholics are now said to be outside its ranks than within them. The whole situation has been brought to a head by Dr. Wirth's resignation from the Party, of which he represented the Left wing. His refusal, and that of his immediate followers, to act with their former Party colleagues is due chiefly to their opposition to the new tariff upon foodstuffs, and incidentally to other measures disapproved by the Catholic trade-unions and the working-class element in that body.

The incident is of historical significance, for the Centre Party in Germany, in contrast with other Parties, has been based upon common ethical and religious convictions. It has been a sort of community of the faith to a greater extent than any other similar political body. Now the editor of *Germania*, the official organ of the

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Party, has published a pamphlet entitled, *We Must Get Out of the Tower*, in which he argues that the Centre Party has outlived its usefulness and that Germany is ripe for a two-Party system like Great Britain. This is due to the fact that a Party division embracing a confessional group inevitably cuts directly through the social and economic groups whose divergent interests express themselves in conflicting political opinions.

Asia's foci of agitation are temporarily quiescent. Mr. Patel, the outspoken Swarajist who was recently elected President of the Indian Legislative Assembly, has proved an unexpectedly gentle-voiced man in his new position. When the Viceroy's message was read approving the election of Mr. Patel, he was clad in the homespun cloth affected by his Party, and wore a Gandhi cap. He immediately withdrew, and presently returned in the robes and wig of his new office. Apparently he had put off his extremist doctrines with his Party garb, for in his opening speech he declared that he accepted office fully understanding all the implications of his act. The Swarajists had been described as destructive critics. Their duty was now to show that they could also construct.

China's ferment is subsiding somewhat. The Ambassadors have decided that the British police superintendent was at fault in provoking the late disturbances in Shanghai, and European residents in that city have experienced a remarkable change of heart. Now they are willing to be brothers of the Chinese, to welcome them into the Municipal Council, and to remove the irritating discriminations that have interfered with cordial relations between the races. A group of native Christians, however, has started a pamphlet campaign urging their white brothers to withdraw from the country — a move that might result in the development of a strictly Chinese Christianity possessing features bizarre to Western eyes. Japan is preoccupied with the prospect of an early general election and the formation of a Proletarian Party. Hitherto political parties in that country have been such only in name. They have been groups of followers of particular persons without distinctive platforms and principles. Should a Proletarian Party be formed and prove itself an effective factor in public affairs, it may inaugurate a new era of popular Government in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Local reports indicate that General Pershing has a task on his hands in the Tacna-Arica plebiscite area that must make heavy demands upon his goodwill and patience as well as upon his impartiality and sense of justice. Lima papers assert that Peruvians who venture ashore unguarded, or in small companies, in Tacna and Arica are exposed to insult and physical assault. Valparaiso papers accuse the Peruvians of adopting an offensive and provocative attitude, of placarding walls of the plebiscite towns with manifestoes insulting to Chile, and of inviting trouble in other similar ways. Apparently official representatives of both countries are doing their best to calm their excited nationals, but with only moderate success. Fortunately for the labors of the Commission, though the disputed provinces have an extensive area, they are mostly uninhabited desert- and mountain-country, and the population is concentrated in one or two ports and oases or distributed in tiny groups at way stations along the railway to La Paz and Tacna. In Tarata, the mountainous district behind Tacna, one still finds Aimara Indians of unmixed blood. They live in tiny, lonely Andean villages by the side

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of mountain streams on diminutive irrigated terrace-farms, where they raise enough grain, potatoes, grass, and fruit for their own subsistence and for grazing a few llamas or alpaca goats. They still speak the tongue of the Inca Empire. These people are thought to have some three thousand votes, but their district has already been allotted to Peru under President Coolidge's decision. Tacna and Arica proper are estimated to have about twenty thousand legal voters, including the returning Peruvian exiles.

Brazil faces a presidential election, where it is anticipated that the leading candidates will be Washington Luiz, ex-Governor of the State of São Paulo, and Mello Vianna, Governor of the State of Minas Geraes, a post which President Bernardes held before his elevation to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. The former candidate is described as a reserved, forceful man, with outspoken sympathies for the large planters and manufacturers. His opponent is a *homo novus*, who owes his political success to his ingratiating democratic manners and a gift for public speaking. He is presumably the more popular of the candidates, occupying in Brazilian public life a position somewhat analogous to that of President Alessandri in Chile.

Mello Vianna, like the present Chief Executive, attributes Brazil's economic difficulties chiefly to her unsound currency, and would end the present period of inflation by administrative economies and heavier taxation. Washington Luiz, on the other hand, shares the feeling of the planters that cheap paper-money is a good thing because it enables them to get their labor at a low price and to sell their coffee and other export produce at a high price in the gold markets of the world. Very many of the plantation workers are Italians and other aliens who cannot express their dissent from such a policy at the polls.

PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON

'Where are you going to, Pussyfoot, dear?'
'I 'm off to Turkey. For from all I hear,
The task I shall set him no Turk will refuse—
"To win wicked Christians from bacon and booze."'
— *Passing Show*, London

GUYING THE CENSOR

Dear Reader: You may imagine this is a Negro. No sir, it is a white man! Circumstances compel me to assert this.
— Bagaría, in *El Sol*

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ECONOMIC MEMORANDA[1]

UNPUBLISHED LEAVES FROM LORD MILNER'S NOTEBOOK

[LORD MILNER, who will perhaps go down in history as one of the last great statesmen of the Old Empire, was in the habit of jotting down memoranda which he later incorporated in his addresses and writings. The following are some unpublished passages from this collection.]

September 23, 1921. — Economics are not an exact science, because it is impossible to isolate the causes producing an effect. You cannot even experiment absolutely on any part of the industrial organism — that is, exclude absolutely all the factors except those that you want for your experiment. In this economics are like medicine. Hence the importance of instinct, intuition, the 'eye' of the doctor who has a genius for diagnosis, in either case.

Extract from a letter written May 23, 1920. — Did not I say, months ago, when there was all that rotten talk about ruin and bankruptcy, the burden of the Debt, and so forth, and so forth, that 'the only thing which terrified me was the possibility of a restriction of credit'? I always knew this mad nonsense would come. But I hope the protests of the business community will check it before it goes too far. Hitherto, perhaps, not much mischief has resulted, for somehow or other the mania for speculation had to be checked, though there certainly ought to be better ways of checking it than by measures that hit legitimate business at the same time.

My difficulty about all these questions is that I am not supposed to be an authority about them, nor do I claim to be an expert except in so far as common-sense and long experience may make one. But I am up against theories strongly entrenched in the treasury, the bank, and certainly the greater part of the whole banking world, and supported by tons of literature from the abstract school of political economists, who have held this country in their baneful grip for nearly a century. It would take a man's whole time to get up a really effective case against such a formidable combination.

August 26, 1921. — There is a very bad leading article in the paper this morning. The writer, in his rage for economy, goes so far as to say 'there is *no* necessary expenditure.' On the other hand, in the City Notes of the same issue there are some extraordinary remarks about deflation. It would seem that the mere reduction of the currency, whatever the circumstances, is in itself the *summum bonum*. The idea, no doubt, is that this is the only sure way to lower prices, and lower prices are all the rage just now. But if lowering of prices is such an unmixed blessing, why stop at reducing the currency to its pre-war level? Why not reduce it to one hundred pounds?

Then goods would certainly be very cheap, as nobody would be able to buy anything.

May 15, 1921. — The Capitalist System. The case for this could not be better put than by a speech reported in the *Times*, which frankly bases the

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *September*

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justification of it upon the incentive of the gambling spirit. Clearly an incentive to individual effort is necessary; there must be competition. The question is, *competition in what?* The competition should be in efficiency of production. Can anyone say that the present system sets a premium on excellence in that respect? Who are the people who make money? Is it the great inventors, or even the great organizers? Or is it the people who are clever at buying and selling and the manipulation of markets?

This speech is interesting in another respect. The speaker insists on the necessity of reducing costs, owing to international competition. This is no doubt the real crux of the whole question of maintaining high wages and a proper standard of life in our own country. Like every capitalist, our speaker looks in the first instance to a lowering of wages in order to reduce cost. But unlike narrower and more prejudiced men of his class, he realizes that there is just as great a necessity of improving things on the managerial side.

September 23, 1921. — Two great weaknesses of our industrial position: the comparative inefficiency of the producer owing to antiquated methods, lack of science, defective organization; and the *enormous number of parasites we have to carry.*

The product per head of producer too small; persons sharing in the produce too many. These are not merely the 'idle rich' — any one man *cannot* consume very much; they are the great army of interceptors — thousands and millions of people half employed or wastefully employed, the number of whom, though they may be individually poor enough, collectively eat up a lot of wealth without contributing to its production; for instance, the numbers of small shopkeepers.

To return to the 'idle rich,' I must be careful not to fall into the ordinary Socialist's mistake of condemning all work or things of which he does not approve, which he chooses to regard as 'luxuries.' No doubt some goods are more necessary than others, but it is as dangerous as it is impossible to draw the line.

You cannot attempt in this way to 'grandmother' humanity, to teach society what is good for it, to prescribe what it ought to produce. The actual habits and desires of a fixed society are the dictum for the work of production. Anything else must be left to the moralist. What is economically so bad in our present system is that the production of the goods actually desired, be they 'luxuries' or 'necessities,' is rendered difficult — artificially dear — *inter alia* by this existence of so many 'interceptors,' people who pick up a bit between real producers.

This is only one of the causes making us artificially poor. The neglect of science, the badness of our industrial organization, are others; but this is an important one.

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THE PROMISES OF SCIENCE[1]

BY PROFESSOR HORACE LAMB

[THE following article contains the most suggestive passages of Professor Lamb's presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, last August.]

THE primary aim of science, as we understand it, is to explore the facts of nature, to ascertain their mutual relations, and to arrange them as far as possible into a consistent and intelligible scheme. It is this endeavor that is the true inspiration of scientific work, as success in it is the appropriate reward. The material effects come later, if at all, and often by a very indirect path. We may, I think, claim for this constructive task something of an æsthetic character.

The provinces of art and science are often held to be alien, and even antagonistic, but in the higher processes of scientific thought it is often possible to trace an affinity. The mathematician, at all events, is at no loss for illustrations of this artistic faculty. A well-ordered piece of algebraical analysis has sometimes been compared to a musical composition. This may seem fantastic to those whose only impression is that of a mass of curious symbols, but these bear no more resemblance to the ideas that lie behind them than the equally weird notation of a symphony bears to the sounds which it connotes or the emotions which these evoke.

And it is no misplaced analogy which has led enthusiasts to speak of the poetical charm of Lagrange's work, of the massive architecture of Gauss's memoirs, of the classic perfection of Maxwell's exposition. The devotees of other sciences will be at no loss for similar illustrations. Is it not the case, for instance, that the widespread interest excited by the latest achievements of physical science is due, not to the hope of future profit, though this will doubtless come, but to the intrinsic beauty as well as the novelty of the visions which they unfold?

It is possible, I trust, to insist on these aspects of the scientific temperament without wishing to draw a sharp and even mischievous antithesis between pure and applied science. Not to speak of the enormous importance in our present civilization of the material advantages that have come in the train of discovery, it would be disloyal to science itself to affect to depreciate them.

For the most severely utilitarian result comes often as the fruit of a long and patient process of study and experiment, conducted on strictly scientific methods. We must recognize also the debts that pure science in its turn owes to industry, the impulse derived from the suggestion of new problems, and, not least, the extended scale on which experiment becomes possible.

But perhaps the most momentous consequences of the increased scientific activities of our time have been on the intellectual side. Authority and science were at one time in conflict over matters entirely within the province

[1] From *Public Opinion* (London current-topics weekly), *August* 28

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of the latter. The weapons were keen, and the strife bitter. We may rejoice that these antagonisms are now almost obsolete; one side has become more tolerant, the other less aggressive, and there is a disposition on both sides to respect each other's territories.

The quarters where we may look for suspicion and dislike are now different; they are political rather than ecclesiastical. The habit of sober and accurate analysis which scientific pursuits tend to promote is not always favorable to social and economic theories that rest mainly on an emotional if very natural basis. There is, I think, a certain dumb hostility which, without venturing on open attack, looks coldly on scientific work except so far as it is directed to purposes of obvious and immediate practical utility.

There is a more open kind of criticism to which we are exposed, which we cannot altogether ignore, though it again rests on a misconception of the true function of science. It is to be met with in quarters where we might fairly look for countenance and sympathy, and is expressed sometimes with great force, and even eloquence. The burden is one of disappointment and disillusion; we even hear of the 'bankruptcy of science.'

It seems to be suggested that science has at one time or other held out promises which it has been impotent to fulfill, that vague but alluring hopes which it has inspired have proved delusive. It may be admitted that extravagant and impossible claims have sometimes been made on behalf of science, but never, I think, by the real leaders, who have always been most modest in their claims and guarded in their forecasts.

It is true again that in the enthusiasm that attended the first sensational developments of modern industry hopes were conceived of a new era, where prosperity would ever increase, poverty would be at least mitigated and refined, and national antipathies would be reconciled. When these dreams did not swiftly come true there was the inevitable reaction, the idols were cast down, and science in general has rather unreasonably come in for its share of depreciation.

The attitude that I have been trying to describe is put very forcibly in a quotation from President Wilson which I saw not long ago, though its date is not very recent: —

'Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past. It made us credulous of quick improvement, hopeful of discovering panaceas, confident of success in every new thing. . . . I should fear nothing better than utter destruction from a revolution conceived and led in the scientific spirit. Science has not changed the laws of social growth or betterment. Science has not changed the nature of society, has not made history a whit easier to understand, human nature a whit easier to reform. It has won for us a great liberty in the physical world, a liberty from superstitious fear and from disease, a freedom to use nature as a familiar servant; but it has not freed us from ourselves.'

The tone is one of bitter disillusion, but, we may ask, why should science, as we understand it, be held responsible for the failure of hopes which it can never have authorized? Its province is vast, but has its limits. It can have no pretensions to improve human nature; it may alter the environment, multiply the resources, widen the intellectual prospect, but it cannot fairly be asked to bear the responsibility for the use which is made of these gifts. That must be determined by other and, let us admit it, higher considerations. Medical science, for instance, has given us

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longer and healthier lives; it is not responsible for the use which we make of those lives. It may give increased vitality to the wicked as well as the just, but we would not, on that account, close our hospitals or condemn our doctors.

In spite of the criticisms I have referred to, we may still hold up our heads — let us hope without arrogance, but with the confidence that our efforts have their place, not a mean one, in human activities, and that they tend, if often in unimagined ways, to increase the intellectual and the material and even the æsthetic possessions of the world. And in that assurance, we may rejoice that science has never been so widely and so enthusiastically cultivated as at the present time, with such complete sincerity, or with more brilliant success.

BIRDS IN SPRING

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[Westminster Gazette]

Now is the blackbird married, and his home
Lies hid within the white wistaria,
Whose tresses, when they wave again, will hear
His morning flute that wakes the ivory dawns
Of early-rising June. The blackbird's wife
Peeps over the nest edge and warms to life
Five eggs. She hopes that they will all be boys.
And, close at hand, the stormcock wills to dwell
High in a spreading araucaria —
Twin, prickly customers, the pair of them.

For missel thrush will lord a garden patch
And make all winged people go in fear
At his patrician, ruler way of life.
Should other birds alight anigh his house,
Like a brown flash of lightning out he flies
With harsh, hoarse shout to drive the trespasser
Far from that castle; yet, when all goes well,
To a naked Lombard poplar he ascends,
And perched, like amber star, on the high top,
Rings out his tinkling, glassy notes so wild,
So strange, inhuman sweet, as though the Pasturer —
Great Pan himself — were teaching baby fauns
To play upon his pipes.

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MOROCCO IN WAR AND PEACE[1]

I. EVACUATION UNDER FIRE

BY MANUE

THAT June evening, lying rolled in our burnooses and blankets because there had been no time to pitch our tents, we were trying to get a bit of sleep, when I heard the lieutenant behind me say to his companion: 'I've been in Morocco since 1919 and I have n't missed an expedition. And I tell you that this was a nasty surprise if we ever had one. Those rascals surely gave us a dirty deal.'

A 'dirty deal' it was indeed, which cost us heavily in men inside a few hours. And we could not retaliate upon the enemy, because it was our first business to push ahead and get the convoy into camp.

A mobile column of three battalions of Algerian sharpshooters, a squadron of spahis, two batteries of 65's and two of 75's, had left at dawn from the camp of Jebel Lahsen twenty-five miles north of the imperial highway to revictual our post at Ouled Ruadi, some ten miles farther north.

A beautiful harvest. An almost straight valley half a mile wide, as flat as a table and covered with fields of golden barley and clumps of fragrant rose-trees. A winding stream with clear, sparkling water made our horses whinny with satisfaction. On either side a rampart of hills, those on the right bank regular and steep, those on the left bank forming a succession of sharp peaks and ridges, separated by narrow canyons. On the summit little gray flat-roofed houses surrounded by gardens hedged with Barbary figs.

And everywhere, clinging even to the hillside and encircling the rocks, stood the harvest, so ripe that the grain was almost brown, and so high that the horses snatched the ears in passing without lowering their heads.

Our advance was easy. The natives gathered in front of their villages silently watched us pass. Our soldiers and even our officers would have been greatly surprised if anyone had told them that they would soon be under heavy fire well this side of Ouled Ruadi. Was n't it understood that everything was safe until one was beyond the ridge that post commanded?

Nevertheless, our information officer was worried. I saw him approach the General accompanied by a tall, withered-looking devil in a gray *jelava*, the best spy in our service. The native explained something with broad gestures. He pointed to places ahead. In a word, he confirmed what the information officer knew only too well. The natives had had enough. They had been fighting the invaders constantly for three months. They had lost their best chiefs on the field. And for what? For nothing. The Riffian was still at their elbow, inviting them with one hand and threatening them with the other. We had made a great boast of reënforcements soon to arrive. They did not believe us. They had been fooled too often. Fur-

[1] From *L'Opinion* (Paris Conservative daily), *August 15*

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thermore, our advance posts were surrendering; our columns were giving ground. We must be the weaker party. Their eyes gave them evidence of that. The idea of retiring in order to hit harder was nonsense to them.

So the natives were all astir. They wondered if the hour had not struck, the hour they had awaited impatiently ever since early last spring, that they thought had come at the end of April after the Feast of Ramadan, when General Cambay had to attack the invaders in great haste in order to keep the natives on our side the line loyal. That attack succeeded. We reached the point we had said was our objective. This proved our power, and reassured the disaffected natives, who had been nearly swept off their feet by the revolt of several neighboring tribes. During May and half of June we were in constant contact with the enemy. We were always fighting; and we were always guided and helped by these admirable skirmishers. But now they were discouraged. Their magnificent harvest was dead ripe; the ears hung heavy on the stalks. And the villagers feared the torches of the warriors of the Rif.

There had been hot arguments in the village councils. Little by little the fanatics — those who had always resented our presence, the temperamental malcontents that one finds everywhere — began to lift their voices higher. Even the women had joined in the clamor, panic-stricken, imagining that they already heard at their doors the war-cries of the throat-cutting mountaineers who spare neither children nor old men.

But the natives were loyal as yet, because their cadi still remained our faithful ally. All this the information officer had known for a long time. Day by day, hour by hour, during the last week, he had followed the oscillations of their fidelity. Every sign of defection was a personal grief and disappointment; for it was his own work, his labor of the past five years, that was crumbling. The cadi had not answered his invitation. He had awaited him yesterday for a last interview. To-day might mean the end.

That is why he asked the General to let him scout in advance of the column with his chosen warriors, confident that if anything happened his presence would have a pacifying effect. If they would only hold off one day! We must reach Ouled Ruadi and revictual the post, which was already closely besieged and to-morrow might be encircled.

The natives loved him. For five years he had lived among them and had been their judge and adviser. They had seen him in the battle line. They know his intrepidity. His presence might prevent the fatal explosion.

So he went off ahead of us, his singing warriors following him at intervals, toward the summits on the left bank, where he knew the most excitable of the disaffected were. At the first houses he exchanged greetings and shook hands. All right. At the second village the same ceremony. Splendid. In the valley the column flowed on, a squadron of spahis in advance, a line of infantry on the left flank, the artillery behind, the convoy following that, and the rear-guard closing the procession in parallel columns. If all went well the expedition would reach Ouled Ruadi in an hour and three quarters — possibly within an hour. One could already see the post on the verge of the horizon toward the northeast. The only visible thing in that direction from the lower ground was a little red-and-white patch against the blue heaven — a flag flying from the fort.

A bright June morning. The heat was not excessive. Light mists lent the distant ridges a violet hue. Crickets chirped in the grainfields. What would

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the people of Beni Allal say? Their village, a great cluster of houses in the midst of green cucumber-fields, was already visible. They mustered one hundred and fifty rifles — bold warriors, regular dare-devils. Their sheik had saved the life of the information officer one night when he was hard pressed in front of Cheyab. But they were reported to be uneasy because all that stood between their ripe crops and the enemy was our single outpost and the intervening hill.

A slight ascent, a gentle declivity, three zigzags, and there stood the village, doors closed, not a man, not a dog, not even a fowl, in sight. A bad sign. Instinctively our cavalrymen clutched the rifles they carried across their saddles. They awaited the first shot.

But a solitary man, unarmed, stepped out of a house. A *Croix de Guerre* shone on his white burnoose. Our officer motioned to his men to stop and galloped forward the hundred yards that separated him from the valley. The sheik extended his hand in friendship as usual, but added immediately: 'Get out with your soldiers. Tell them to leave. They must go or we shall fire.'

'Where are your men?'

'There, and there, and there.' He pointed to the rocks on every side. They completely commanded the village.

'And your women and children and flocks?'

'Over there.' He pointed toward a mountain to the eastward — a mountain of caves, and urged: 'Get out. Tell the General to turn back, because from our positions we can stop his column. At the first shot the whole country will rise. Go quickly.'

The officer knew the necessity of dealing calmly with these excited people. He had not taken his eyes from the man for one moment. He scrutinized him with a searching gaze as if to read the thoughts at the bottom of his soul. He made no gesture of bravado or menace. He was more inclined to weep like a child deceived by one he loves. He had spent the best of himself for years to win over these people — and to have it all end thus!

'Get back! We are ready to fire!'

He wanted to avoid a final break. But there was the advance post, the garrison without water. He must explain, plead, try to obtain a truce.

'Sheik, behold this rich harvest. All that you see as far as the eye can reach will be burning this evening if you are against us. You will kill many of our men, but you know that we have more men than the Rif and all your native tribes put together will ever have. Sheik, I bid you wait until to-night. Think it over. Summon your councilors. You are wise. You know our strength. Let our column pass. Come and see me this evening at the camp. After that it will be as God wills.'

'Pass.'

The officer extended his hand. That would be their last handshake. He rejoined his little detachment on the bank of the river. Already the first files of mules, loaded with water-kegs, were on the other side. Before noon it would be over. Fifteen days' water in the post's reservoirs, if worst came to worst. What would happen after that was in the hands of Allah.

It proved to be what we least expected. Our outpost signaled that Riffi were west of the ridge in an invisible position, from which a machine-gun fired at intervals. The enemy lookouts had not troubled our halted column, but had paid their respects to the water-carriers. They promptly tumbled ten mules of the first detachment into the gully by a well-directed fire. We had to find a detour, which tripled the distance,

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and to put laborers at work reducing the grade. When we arrived at last the commander of the little garrison said: 'We have had to repair our breaches at night. Anyone who ventures outside our trenches in the daytime is picked off. I have five wounded men for you.' They were Senegalese, gray-faced, their lips pressed tight with pain. Bullets buried themselves in the rampart, making little splashes in the earth and pebbles. Our guns were directed on the summit eight hundred yards to the north. Our batteries of 75's swept over the peak. The rifle fire died down. We brought up our water.

Noon. We were able to eat our soup in peace. From time to time a sharp volley passed over our heads, and was greeted with jeers by the soldiers. But the ridges to the east and to the west beyond the waving crops were silent and deserted. Contrary to custom, not a native had come in with eggs and chickens to sell. And thus we passed a half-hour of repose.

One-thirty. It was to be evacuation. The native scouts left first, followed by a squadron of spahis. The military trains were massed. The battalion that formed the advance guard deployed. The headquarters staff was in the midst of the rear-guard battalion, whose machine-guns were still in position, the General's flag floating above it. Everyone was occupied with the defiling of the convoy. The pack mules were massed four abreast to accelerate the movement.

A single rifle-shot sounded behind us, fired no doubt from a cathedral-shaped rock three hundred yards distant. A man fell without a word. We rushed up to him. He lay on his side, a small hole in his temple. Blood flowed out and filled his ear. An adjutant knelt by his side to apply a first-aid bandage.

This shot was the signal for a volley. And what a volley! Machine-guns on the north, rifles crackling on the right and the left from every summit and ridge. Puffs of dust began to fly and men to fall on every side. And the pack animals! A terrible confusion! The wounded beasts rolled on the ground in agony or collapsed silently in their tracks. Drivers were busy cutting the traces from dead animals.

'The swine are going to give us a damnably unpleasant send-off,' growled a platoon leader. He had hardly spoken when he plunged headforemost from his horse, dead before he struck the ground.

Luckily a famous battalion formed our rear-guard. It had been at the front for three months without a day's respite, and had 'mopped up' with its inseparable battery of 65's the entire front from Leben to Msoun. Its business had been 'to multiply itself' — that is, to make the enemy believe a much larger force was before it than was actually the case. It had appeared suddenly here and there where least expected, vanishing in the night when an hour's delay might have been fatal, bringing aid to hard-pressed garrisons and keeping the restless natives from revolting. These Algerians thought a great deal of themselves in spite of their rags, though they were so brown and sunburned that it was difficult to tell them from the natives.

With such men in the rear-guard we felt safe. It was a case of retreating step by step, turning on the enemy now and then, and keeping the 65's constantly in action. When the liaison officer carried to the battalion commander the order 'Set fire to their crops!' he was greeted with a joyful cheer.

Our native skirmishers were already at work along the left slope of the valley. The flames rose high and bright, and were driven forward rapidly by a

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strong wind. We could hear the crackling of the burning grain. Soon, where but a few minutes before had stretched great expanses of undulating gold, nothing remained but a steadily broadening band of black ashes.

But the skirmishers pressed forward at a run, rarely firing, to seize a height commanding the trail, toward which the enemy was converging. Unless we got there first we should be trapped for the peak dominated a defile through which the convoy and the artillery could reach the open country beyond while well protected from the cross fire on the right.

Our staff officers watched anxiously through their glasses the progress of the skirmishers toward this point. If they were too late we should have to detour around this elevation through the open valley exposed to a concentrated fire from all directions, and at the mercy of sharpshooters concealed among the rocks and in the ravines whom it would have been impossible to dislodge. The 65's barked. The 75's, which with their caissons and heavy carriages were a great encumbrance in such a situation, moved forward as fast as possible along the trail, halting for a moment now and then to cut out a dead horse. Our ambulances were busy gathering up the dead and wounded. And what a fusillade! My God! Men were dropping every instant.

Guided by a scouting plane, the advance guard charged ahead, mopping up the little groups of the enemy. 'Snappy work!' was the comment of the infantry. And it was a nervy exploit — this skirting close to the summit of the ridge to clean out an enemy who knew how to shoot.

In the rear of the column the 'mopping-up battalion' did its duty conscientiously. It retired slowly, stopping at intervals to charge back with the bayonet. Immediately behind it the fire roared through the grainfields, the vaulting flames respecting nothing in their path — crops, rose trees, or wounded enemies whom we could hear howling. At one time we were breathless with concern. The fire got out of hand and the two last sections of our column were cut off from the rest by a barrier of flame. The captain ordered his men to lie down with fixed bayonets. The 65's threw a barrage in front of the rebels, who, shouting with triumph, were about to charge, daggers in hand.

As the fire died down the column closed up through the smoke. A sergeant passed, his face and garments as black as coal, grumbling, 'Hot as hell.' A horse with a broken leg tried to rise, struggling and bleeding and gazing back at the fire with panic-stricken eyes. A native took pity on him and ran back a hundred yards to end his suffering with a bullet.

Five o'clock. The skirmishers had gained the summit, with the spahis just behind them. We had been on the march four hours and had covered half the distance. If the enemy did not press us harder we hoped to reach camp at eight o'clock.

Our airplane had its usual effect. Wherever its shadow swept across the landscape the enemy stopped shooting until it had passed by. After we left the last village behind us the firing slackened, and the natives did not venture to pursue us. Each one had fought in front of his home or his field. In the falling shadows they were out picking up their wounded, searching the country for property our column might have left behind, and trying to stop the fire. They were beside themselves with rage, for their whole year's harvest had gone up in smoke. But they promised themselves a terrible revenge as soon as the Riffi came to help them.

It was late when the convoy regained the bivouac. At nine o'clock

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the last had straggled in. I surveyed the tragic spectacle under a starless sky — the valley with its blackened, distant slopes illumined here and there by a glow of expiring flame; smoky, ash-laden wind; distant calls through the darkness, rebels counting their losses; the long-drawn wailing of women; the baying of dogs in the night.

Ours was a gloomy camp that evening. No unnecessary lights; here and there a masked fire where the native troops brewed tea. The rest of us munched our rations without an appetite. We were half dead with fatigue and weighed down with the oppressive secret sadness that overcomes war-worn troops at times, when they have lost heavily and are not heartened by the exhilaration of an advance. Under the hospital tents the wounded were moaning. Teeth were rattling; men were crying plaintively like children. Careworn surgeons were bandaging wounds by the dim glow of lanterns. A hospital orderly served coffee with maladroit sympathy: 'Don't take it so hard, old boy. It'll soon be over.' And just beyond lay a long, steadily lengthening line of rigid corpses.

As I tried to get a little sleep I heard someone say: 'These damnable evacuations! It's a good thing, though, that we did n't have the real mountaineers to deal with. It would have been a debacle. They'd have slit the throat of every one of us. These fellows to-day were still bewildered to find themselves fighting their brothers-in-arms of yesterday. Yet you see what they did to us.' And then the refrain that you hear from morning to night, from Ouezzan to Cuercif: 'In God's name, what's the Government at home doing?'

II. PROPAGANDA FOR THE PLOUGHSHARE[1]

BY A SWISS CORRESPONDENT

At the hotel in Fez I became acquainted with an old Arab who wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon his soiled burnoose. His beard was trimmed pedantically to a sharp point like that of Poincaré, but his vivacious eyes and the upper portion of his face recalled Tartarin, the true Don Quixote of Southern France.

This old gentleman was born in Tangier, which has always been Morocco's door toward the outer world. He studied in France at a time when the rest of Morocco had little intercourse with intellectual Europe, and later became a pasha in his native town. He had the weakness of liking to hear himself talk, and used to declaim with enthusiasm upon Western culture and Western science, just as many old Europeanized Mohammedans are wont to do. All this sounded oddly old-fashioned to me, who had begun seriously to doubt the value of these things. I may add in parenthesis that so have the young men of Morocco, who are still trying to master the rudiments of that culture at the *École des Notables* at Fez or the *École Militaire* at Mekinez.

But as old people are not fond of having doubts cast upon their gods, I never tried to dampen the old gentleman's enthusiasm, especially as he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and interesting experiences, which made

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *August* 24

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him a most informing and entertaining companion.

This old Moroccan made his headquarters in Fez, where he was employed to lecture on modern agriculture to the tribes in the vicinity, and at the same time to conduct a little friendly propaganda in favor of the French authorities. Delighted to find a sympathetic listener, he invited me to accompany him on one of his trips into the Atlas foothills.

Leaving Fez in the evening in order to get an early start the following morning from Mekinez, we set out after a hot, oppressive night by automobile over a magnificent highway that afforded a glorious view of the latter city. The town lies on a long, gentle acclivity beyond a valley dotted with green trees and thickets. Its skyline of flat roofs, the gray-and-white dice-shaped houses, and its sharply defined quadrangular mosque-towers combine to make a cubist picture. A very few of the buildings have slightly sloped roofs, with the bright-green faïence tile characteristic of all Morocco.

A few minutes later we were surrounded by a typical Moroccan summer landscape. Golden stubble-fields stretched in every direction until lost to view against a clear, hard, bluish sky. Not a shadow was in sight, nothing but an unbroken blaze of sunshine, utterly unlike our Northern summer, with its soft, humid warmth and subdued green. Here the heat was harsh and arid, and the wind that fanned our faces was like the hot draft from a barber's electric hair-dryer.

We rode for a long time over a perfect pavement, which ended, however, in a road so rough and gullied that I hardly knew which to admire the more, the skill of our driver or the endurance of our car.

My companion's lecture was to be given at Ain Jema, a little plain surrounded by hills so as to form a natural amphitheatre. In its midst stood a large group of tents among which hundreds of people wearing white burnooses were moving about. There is no village at this point. It is merely a place where the natives pitch their tents from time to time to hold a primitive market. When that is over they fold their tents and silently steal away.

We were met by the local cadi, who conducted us to a large round marquee open on all sides to the breeze, in which the talk was to be given. Here we were served honeycomb, great hunks of bread, and slices of luscious watermelon. The latter were refreshingly cool from the rapid evaporation of the moisture upon their surface.

People flocked into the tent and the old Arab began his speech. I was chiefly interested, however, in the faces of the listeners. They were pure Berbers, whose features resembled those of our Swiss peasants so strikingly that no one would take them for foreigners if they were to appear in European garb in a Swiss country congregation. And the similarity to a meeting at home was even more striking at the end of the lecture when the people joined in reciting a common prayer. Do the mountains place a common stamp on the men who dwell in them, or are these Berbers and the Swiss mountaineers children of the same race, who have retained their ancestral characteristics in spite of the foreign floods that have flowed around them?

After the lecture the cadi had a special meal prepared for us. The Moroccan cuisine is excellent. Its abundance is evidently that of a people periodically on the warpath or traveling in the desert, where they are forced to put up for long periods with scanty rations. That is why town

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dwellers here quickly become so extraordinarily fat if they continue to eat the way the other natives do without resuming their old nomadic life with its recurrent privations.

Two whole chickens were brought for each guest, though we were not expected to eat all of them, but merely to tear out with our fingers the parts we liked the best. After that we were served several vegetables and salads, and last of all a whole sheep barbecued upon a spit. A person readily accustoms himself to eating with his fingers, so that it soon becomes more natural than to use a knife and fork. Last of all, we were again served watermelon, and then the invariable Moroccan peppermint tea.

Our car took us back to Mekinez in a few hours. Quite recently, before the French came into the country, no one dared visit this place without a strong guard. Even the Sultan himself had to travel with a powerful military escort or else to buy the right of passage. The fact that this part of Morocco is now so quiet is not due to the natives' love of France, but to their recognition of the practical advantages of European rule. For the first time in their experience they can trade freely with the rest of the world; they can ship their surplus products to other places, and in times of security they can buy food from abroad. Consequently they no longer suffer from famine, which in former days periodically decimated the populations of entire valleys.

AS WE SEE THINGS NOW. II[1]

BY A GERMAN PUBLICIST

PEOPLE of democratic sympathies attribute the outbreak of the war to the absolutist monarchs. Nitti takes this position when he makes three dynasties, the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanovs, responsible for the conflict, on the ground that they wished war in order to maintain their privileges.

But let us consider the situation of the three kaisers who headed these dynasties. The Emperor of Austria was a very old man who had been defeated in two wars, whose country had lost territories and states to both Germany and Italy, and who had only one wish — to end his years quietly. The Tsar of Russia was a pacifist, still shaken by the shock of the Empire's defeat by Japan.

The German Kaiser, in spite of his warlike words and gestures, in spite of his infatuation with parades and his delight in his plaything of a navy, was at heart a peaceful and timid man, whose real character was pretty well understood abroad, since he had no gift for concealment. He was nicknamed in France *Guillaume le Timide*. *Le Temps* had declared on one occasion, *Guillaume a peur, il a simplement peur*. His Chancellor, who ruled him, was a man of 'providentially designed loyalty,' the 'philosopher beside the throne,' a man who, in a letter to the theologian Professor von Harnack,

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily, British Occupied Territory), *July 24, August 5*

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stigmatized striving for political power as 'immoral,' and who took office with the public statement, 'Germany must seek moral conquests.' He was a man whose bourgeois sense of honor made him commit political indiscretions, and who ended his memoirs with these words: 'If I had known that England would set her control of the seas above the maintenance of European peace, I should have pursued a different policy.'

Jagow, the Kaiser's Minister of Foreign Affairs, was irresolution personified. When he bade farewell to the German colony in Rome to return to Berlin to take his new post, he told us who were present that the only motive that induced him to accept such a responsibility was the hope of bringing about a better understanding between Germany and England that would afford a secure basis for permanent European peace. The Chief of the Military Cabinet removed Colonel Ludendorff from the General Staff in 1913, and relegated him to a provincial command, because he had again put through universal service, against his superior's will. The Chief of the Naval Cabinet was a religious dreamer notoriously indifferent to his duties. The Chief of the General Staff realized that he was in no condition either physically or mentally to bear the burdens of a great war. He resigned after the Battle of the Marne, and died the following year. The head of Germany's navy was the originator of the risk theory — that is, the theory that the navy should be so strong that even the greatest sea Power would hesitate to attack her. He was constantly complaining that all the men surrounding the Kaiser, and the Chancellor in particular, were opposed to him, and when the European crisis arose that resulted in the war he was away from Berlin on a furlough. No one immediately familiar with the facts would dream to-day of ascribing the outbreak of the war to the military designs of Pan-German imperialism, or Hohenzollern absolutism, or Prussian militarism.

This is about all that can be said as to the origin of the war. No responsible government and no European nation, apart from a negligible minority of the people, wanted war in 1914. Consequently, since there was no evil intention on the part of any of the accused, considering the case from the standpoint of jurisprudence and private morals, all must be exonerated of the charge of war guilt. All had professed publicly their desire to preserve the peace of Europe. Those assertions deserve credit, since peace was in the interest of the political and economic development of every country, while a war, in view of the huge armaments that had been heaped up on both sides, was sure to demand an appalling sacrifice of property and life.

In morals good will counts for everything. In politics it counts for little. We say that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Fichte observes pertinently in his little essay upon Machiavelli: 'More than half of all our wars are due to the gross blunders committed by those attacked, and would not have occurred if those blunders had not been committed.' For politics is science and art combined — scientific knowledge of the international situation, of the traditions and interests of individual states, of the opinions and characters of their leading statesmen; and the art of judging conditions and people, of estimating rightly what can be accomplished under certain circumstances, of seizing opportunities betimes, and of evading dangerous situations.

A statesman must 'learn the road,' as locomotive-drivers say. He must know intimately every grade and crossing, every switch and signal, in inter-

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national politics. He must understand the maximum speed and the strength of his locomotive. He must not let any danger-signal pass unnoticed. He must slow down on bad curves. In other words, competence, experience, knowledge, count more in international politics than morals and good will. A locomotive-driver who, either because he does not know the road or has carelessly run past a block signal, causes a frightful accident cannot excuse himself by saying after the catastrophe that he is a good man and never for a moment intended to cause such a disaster.

The great French historian and philosopher Renan, after examining critically all the causes for the war of 1870 and 1871, finally reached the simple conclusion that it was entirely due to the incapacity of the men then in control of the Paris Government. In our day, when men try to explain everything by political, social, or above all by economic, factors, and look upon a statesman as merely the product of his environment, many will be inclined to regard Renan's principle, when applied to the World War, as altogether too simple to explain such a tremendous event. But the proverb 'Men make history' is likewise true in this case, even if not in the cynical meaning with which it is usually employed. If we stop to think what Prince Bismarck, or even Prince Bülow, would have done had he been in the place of Bethmann-Hollweg, we see at once that the whole history of the European Continent might have been changed.

Prussian-German foreign policy has been controlled by two diametrically opposite influences. There is the old Prussian-Conservative school, which would solve foreign policy with the help of professional diplomats, trained with extreme care, and in an emergency 'by blood and iron,' with the aid of a Prussian army ready to strike on the instant. Opposed to this cold, calculating, and, as many will say, reactionary and militarist, idea, we have had ever since the middle of the century an influential Democratic and Liberal school, primarily interested in ideals and intent upon 'moral conquests.' Each of these schools has had its leaders. Bismarck was the greatest exponent of the first, and Bethmann-Hollweg, the uncle of the war Chancellor, of the second. The Conservatives were intent primarily on defending Germany from the West. They courted an agreement with reactionary Russia. They would have liked to restore the Holy Alliance of the three absolutist Powers, in order to maintain peace at home and abroad and to resist the democratic ideas of the French Revolution.

Since Germany's future seemed to lie westward through the English Channel, while Russia's future lay southward toward the Dardanelles, if Germany disinterested herself in Near Eastern questions, which Bismarck declared were not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier, there seemed to be no obstacle to a working agreement between these two Powers. Their ambitions did not conflict. They were equally interested in maintaining conservative institutions, in preserving the authority of their dynasties, and in keeping Poland subdued. Bismarck believed an alliance with France impossible and an alliance with England difficult. For England not only pursued a policy of splendid isolation, which prevented her forming fast and enduring alliances, but she would lose her status as a Great Power if France were overweakened. She must therefore do her best to maintain the balance of power in Europe, as she had done at the end of the war of 1870 and 1871. Later, English jealousy of Germany's industrial and commercial expansion and naval rivalry added to these difficul-

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ties and made a real alliance quite impossible.

The alliance with Russia had lasted nearly two hundred years. During much of this time, however, Prussia had been the weaker Power and had been conscious of an unpleasant dependence upon her larger neighbor. Bismarck liberated Germany from this subordination by founding the Empire and making an alliance with Prussia's old rival, Austria. But he guaranteed only the existing territorial limits of the Danube Monarchy, and bluntly refused to support Austria's ambitions in the Balkans. He thus killed two birds with one stone. He removed all concern regarding the alliance that might otherwise exist in Russia, which considered Austria as her only rival in the Balkans, and he removed any urgent interest that Russia might have in breaking up the Austrian monarchy. He clinched the matter by a provision in the Triple Alliance Treaty of 1887 preventing Austria from taking action in the Balkans without the previous consent of Italy.

Bismarck thus attached Italy to the Triple Alliance, for that country's real interests were in the Mediterranean, and if she were insured against Austria's expansion in the Balkans the Hapsburg Monarchy became what Italy's great statesman Crispi meant when he said, 'If there were no Austria, we should have to invent one.' He played an even deeper game. In a reinsurance treaty with Russia, which was kept from the knowledge of Austria, he expressly agreed to throw Germany's diplomatic influence into the scales in favor of Russia's title to the Dardanelles, and guaranteed Germany's neutrality if Austria ever tried forcibly to prevent Russia's taking them. By thus apparently sacrificing Constantinople he protected it most effectively, and simultaneously furthered Germany's interest; for he thereby compelled England and France to stand guard on the Dardanelles, which made it easier for Germany herself to deal with those Powers, and he forced the Balkan States, particularly Rumania, to seek Austria's protection against Russian expansion. Altogether, Bismarck's system was most ingenious. It made Germany the country whose word bore most weight in Europe; it isolated France, which was still eager for a war of revenge against Germany; it made England anxious to keep on the good side of Germany; and it opened the way for Germany to acquire colonies abroad.

On the other hand, the democratic and liberal system of the two Bethmann-Hollwegs, who were Bismarck's bitterest opponents, aimed first of all to protect Germany against Russia, who was rapidly increasing her population, wealth, and power, and could eventually make Germany her tool, without drawing the sword, by mere weight of numbers. Consequently statesmen of this school sought aid in the democratic and liberal West. They labored to bring about an alliance with England, the Mother of Parliaments. They admired France as the nation of the great Revolution. They considered the dissolution of the Three-Kaiser Alliance of Germany, Russia, and Austria, and a war against Russia, which they considered the stronghold of European reaction, the first steps necessary to win a victory for democracy and socialism in Europe.

This foreign policy was inspired by doctrinaire theories and domestic politics rather than by Germany's actual international interests. For the termination of Germany's understanding with Russia made her to some extent dependent upon Austria and a party to that country's Balkan ambitions. This automatically alienated Italy and Rus-

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sia from the Central Powers. The latter were thereby forced to assume the defense of Constantinople against Russia, thereby relieving the Western Powers of that burden and giving them a free hand against Germany. The Rumanians and the Serbs, and the Slavs inside the Danube Monarchy, hated the idea of Austrian supremacy in the Balkans even more than the thought of Russian supremacy. The Poles were as hostile to Germany and Austria as to Russia. This growing estrangement between the Central Powers on the one hand and Eastern Europe and Italy on the other revived France's latent thoughts of revenge. Any attempt made by Germany to crush France invited England's intervention in order to preserve the balance of power in Europe. All these possibilities, clearly visible as soon as Germany and Russia drifted apart, became actualities the moment a war broke out. Germany had the tragic experience of seeing the whole democratic world rally against her alleged autocratic, imperialist, and militarist Government, when that Government was actually pursuing a foreign policy absolutely opposed to Bismarck's reactionary plans and championed by her Liberals and Democrats.

France made four serious blunders in the Versailles Treaty. First, she destroyed every possibility of coming to an agreement with the German Democrats and thereby guaranteeing her safety on the east. By a prompt and generous peace she might easily have captured Germany morally. In the second place, she exacted too much from her own Allies, who after all had been fighting for their own interests and not in order to make France supreme in Europe. France could bamboozle Wilson, but she could not beguile the American Senate. That body refused to ratify the Treaty, to enter the League of Nations, and to form an offensive and defensive alliance with France and England. Thereby France lost the guaranty treaty that England had provisionally signed under the condition that America become a party to it. Thus she failed to get security either from Germany or from the Anglo-Saxons.

In the third place, the Versailles Treaty, quite unintentionally, imposed a task on the German people that revived their energies and restored their national morale. If Germany could bear the burdens thus placed upon her, she would be performing a feat as notable as winning a world war. Indeed, we can already say that, by defeating Communism at home and rescuing Europe from the Bolshevist peril, she has already won a moral victory over that Treaty. In the fourth place, France, by a border-state policy pursued at a tremendous cost to her treasury, particularly in case of Poland and Rumania, has made Russia her enemy and driven that great nation into the arms of Germany. France's true interests would have been to renew her alliance, even with a Communist Russia, whose borders would have then reached almost to the Oder and would have been a constant threat to Germany. As it is, she has alienated the Anglo-Saxons and she has not won over the Germans or the Russians. The border states afford her little protection against a Germany that has survived the Versailles Treaty and a Russia that is growing visibly stronger every day. Naturally, therefore, the feeling of insecurity in France is greater now than it was before the war, when she had England and Russia at her side. . . .

Nor are the other allied nations much better satisfied with the fruits of their victory. England has had to renounce

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her claim to naval supremacy and her alliance with Japan at America's behest. She was compelled to incur debts in the United States during the war that have changed her from a creditor to a debtor nation. She is involved in great economic difficulties that find their expression in unexampled unemployment. Her ally France, instead of being a source of comfort to her in her difficulties, has made herself a constant source of annoyance.

In Italy the deluge of the war and its aftermath has lifted a Fascist dictatorship to power. National unity has not been strengthened. On the contrary, internal discord, although its superficial symptoms may be suppressed, has increased. Italy is deprived of a free press and free speech. Her legislature and her courts are dominated by arbitrary force. The Italy of to-day is an absolute negation of all the democratic and liberal ideas for which the Entente and Italy herself fought. Her Constitution and her Parliament are but empty shells. It is one of the ironies of history that Mussolini should incorporate the very imperialism, autocracy, and militarism that he so roundly denounced ten years ago when he was agitating for Italy to enter the war. The annexation of German-speaking South Tyrol, which was intended to give Italy additional security, has only increased her sense of insecurity. Like France, the nightmare of a German comeback haunts her dreams.

Each of the little countries that has been carved out of Austria-Hungary is a tiny replica of the old Hapsburg State, with all its weaknesses and controversies and discordant nationalities, but without its advantages. Every one of them is rent socially by Communism, politically by Separatism, and nationally by Irredentism, and is financially burdened by an army far beyond its economic power to support. More than that, each feels itself in constant danger from its neighbors — from Russia, Germany, Hungary, or Bulgaria. National jealousies prevent the Danube Federation that France desires.

This armed peace, which is costing Europe much more than the armed peace before the war, has ruined national finances and has increased everywhere the feeling of national insecurity. Meanwhile unnatural frontiers check the free flow of trade. The currency of the Succession States is still in chaos. They are all financially dependent on the Anglo-Saxons. Their dream of a general remission of debts has not been realized. The Anglo-Saxons exact payment ruthlessly, if for no other reason than because financial control means political control. After seizing the richest colonies and acquiring the most important sources of raw materials, they exclude the Latins and the Slavs from their newly won realms.

But even the Anglo-Saxons are not content with their victory. In order to hold the discordant nationalities of their great alliance together they felt compelled in the course of the war to preach the self-determination of peoples. They thereby conjured up spirits that refuse to be exorcised. Not only the whole Mohammedan world from the Pillars of Hercules to the Straits of Malakka is in a ferment, not only have the Turks and the Egyptians won complete or partial independence, but India and China, with their manifold millions, are astir and demand the right to rule themselves. Russia is pulling the wires everywhere, while Japan, formerly one of the Allies, is quietly spreading the gospel of 'Asia for the Asiatics.'

In view of this confusion, uncertainty, and agitation that have swept over the whole world since the war and that cloud the horizon of the future with uncertainty, one involuntarily

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asks himself whether the Allies would not have done wiser to meet Bethmann-Hollweg's policies halfway, whether it would not have been better to seek an early understanding instead of preaching such folly as 'a knock-out blow,' *jusqu'au bout*, or *le bosche paiera tout*.

Had Bethmann's policy won, the centre of political power in Germany would have swung from the agrarian East to the industrial West, and into sympathy with their democratic institutions. German industrialists might have developed a larger inland market and eventually their competition with the other industrial countries of the world market would have settled itself on passable lines. Our East Elbe Junkers never had much liking for our manufacturers, who took away their labor, nor for our merchants, who were partly Jews, nor for our navy, which ever since 1848 had been the favorite arm of the service for the Liberals and the Democrats. When we were building that navy they always referred to it as 'the damned fleet.'

The Baltic border states were anxious to see a permanent estrangement between Germany and Russia. Sooner or later the Austro-German Alliance, which had been seriously strained during the war by the Polish question, would have been terminated. Germany would have so many troubles of her own on her Eastern border that she would be glad to purchase peace on the West.

At the same time, the Western Powers had Germany to thank for crushing their old enemy of the Crimean War, to whom they had in 1916 granted authority to seize the Dardanelles. They would have had their hands completely free to keep in check, with the assistance of America and Italy, 'German militarism and imperialism.'

Lord Lansdowne, who demanded that peace be made in 1916, was perhaps the only clear-sighted statesman that the Entente possessed. The others were more or less doctrinaires or dilettantes or demagogues. They truckled for the favor of the masses, and sought only immediate and superficial successes. To that extent alone can the imperialist peace they made be called a democratic peace. Compared with it, the notorious reorganization of the world attempted by the Vienna Congress of 1815 was a masterpiece of statesmanship.

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MEXICO, THE UNITED STATES, AND JAPAN[1]

BY RAFAEL NIETO

FROM time to time we hear talk in Mexico of a probable war between the United States and Japan, and the attitude that our country ought to adopt in such an emergency. Utilitarians imbued with the cynical opportunism that characterized Germany's *Realpolitik* before the war consider it obvious and unquestionable that we should join with the United States. Even some of our most level-headed publicists hold this view, as does Don Andrés Molina Enriquez in a recent article, in which he says that Mexico and all Latin America would consider a war fought by the United States as a conflict of their own.

Such international aberration is inconceivable to me personally. It is possible that even a war that so many now consider inevitable will untimately be prevented by the action of economic forces that tend to compel an understanding among nations. Imperialist antagonisms are giving way to international capitalism. But if it were not so, and such a disaster should occur, Mexico's clear, definite, and imperative interests would bid her adopt an attitude of neutrality.

Japan is not an obstacle to America's policy in China. The working of the international financial consortium, which itself is a plain demonstration that new coöperative financial forces are moving the world, and the Washington Agreement, which synthesizes the policy of the United States in China, were not opposed by Japan, but frankly supported by her. Neither the United States nor Japan covets territory belonging to the other. America is one of the greatest buyers of Japanese goods. Without the American market Japan's business structure would instantly collapse. Japan is one of the largest purchasers of American cotton, and she is by race and language the natural intermediary for the expansion of American trade in China. At the present time she would be absolutely incapable of financing a war against the United States, while so long as peace continues she has open access to Wall Street credits. The wound that America gratuitously inflicted upon Japanese feelings by her immigration law will slowly heal, salved by common economic interests.

All these influences tend to prevent a war. But if they should fail, what motive would Mexico have to abandon her proper attitude of neutrality and to attack — more in spirit, to be sure, than by aggressive action — a country that has done us no harm, that has been our consistent friend, and that has always shown us the utmost consideration in international relations? Two kinds of ideas seem to be fermenting in the minds of our *Realpolitik* Utilitarians. They think Mexico might derive great material advantages from an alliance with the United States — in other words, might collect a high price for a despicable international act. They seem to fear further that we might become involved in the conflict whether we willed or not, after having missed the chance to exact a good

[1] From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *September 5*

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price for our cowardice and our degradation.

It is curious to observe how a person of good moral principles, liberal culture, and unimpeachable private conduct will radically lower his moral standards when he comes to discuss the relations between countries. It is true that the ethical canons governing those relations have been, and still are, immeasurably beneath those that control the intercourse of individuals. Up to the present such canons have been variable. What would be a crime if committed by an individual is considered right and just if committed by a nation. 'What scoundrels we should be,' said Cavour many years ago, 'were we to do for ourselves what we do for our country.'

The Utilitarians, who advocate a policy of political opportunism, argue that this double moral standard has been and continues to be necessary for human progress. That is absolutely false. It is an opinion that is responsible for much social misery in the past, that explains in great part why Europe is not yet at peace, and that accounts for the fact that Asia and Africa are still writhing in bloody agony.

Sir Charles Dilke once described the statesmen who held in their hands the fate of Europe as a circle of old scamps seated around a green-covered table. He did not mean that taken individually they were old scamps. In private they were respectable and honorable gentlemen. They would not steal or wrangle or kill a person. But when they thought the interests of their respective countries were at stake they were quite ready to lie and to start robbing, plundering, and murdering by wholesale. They were ready to commit all the collective crimes that periodically plunge humanity into tears and mourning.

Let me cite an illustration of this from recent history. Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister of England, is the most cultivated gentleman imaginable. He possesses all the traditional qualities that we regard as inborn in a British gentleman — a delicate sentiment of honor, a high sense of dignity, courtesy, kindness, and chivalry. All these qualities are inherent in Stanley Baldwin's character. The British Prime Minister is one of the most perfect products of the ultracivilization of the Nordic race. It is as absurd to imagine Mr. Baldwin stealing as it is to imagine a sewing machine producing fried eggs. One can hardly conceive of Mr. Baldwin descending to the use of brute force to rob and despoil even a person who had seriously offended him.

Stanley Baldwin would never do such a thing as an individual. But when he is acting in the capacity of Prime Minister of the British Empire the situation is completely changed. The British High Commissioner in the Sudan is assassinated in Egypt by unknown individuals. Thereupon the chivalrous, dignified, honorable, courteous, and kindly Mr. Baldwin, instead of waiting like a civilized man until the criminals are discovered and tried, appropriates from the vaults of the Egyptian Treasury a million and a half pounds sterling, forces the Cairo Parliament to adjourn at the point of the bayonet, and seizes the territory of the Sudan controlling the waters of the Nile that belong to Egypt. In other words, Stanley Baldwin as a British minister has done things that he would consider infinitely beneath him if he were called upon to do them as a private individual.

It is thus that publicists like Señor Molina Enriquez and the opportunist Utilitarians of Mexico would have our country choose an international policy that would bring the blush of shame to their cheeks if it were suggested to

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them as a rule of private conduct. If Señor Enriquez saw two of his friends fighting, would he, instead of trying to pacify them, suddenly fall upon one of them and begin to beat him? And this not because he had any personal grievance against the man, or was seeking to defend the weaker from the stronger? No, such romantic considerations do not count in *Realpolitik*. In that case a nation always fights the contestant who cannot pay, and helps the contestant who is strong and rich and can reward his friends. An admirable and edifying code of morality!

Cynics will say, 'That 's the way things are, and we can't change them.' But that is no argument. The ethical standards that govern our private conduct ought likewise to govern our relations with other countries. Happily Mexico has never, since she was independent, adopted a purely utilitarian morality in her intercourse with her neighbors. The day that we become the slaves of mere material expediency in dealing with other Powers we shall forfeit the right to the respect of the stronger nations.

Those who imagine that Mexico will be dragged irresistibly into a conflict between the United States and Japan reason from a false premise. They imagine that North America will be the theatre of the war. The truth is that, if such a disaster should befall the world, not a gun would be discharged within thousands of miles of our coast. Japan could not possibly attack the United States in its own territory. To attempt to do so would be to court immediate ruin. The only strategy that would promise her success, or even make a prolonged resistance possible, would seek to limit the actual struggle to the seas and coasts of the Far East. And Japan would always hold in her hands the power to select the field of battle.

Under such circumstances, what would the aid of Mexico be worth to the United States? Absolutely nothing. That nation's only concern would be to secure uninterrupted supplies of our products, such as petroleum, copper, and sisal. And it would have them just as it had them in the last war. So the price of our purely ornamental alliance would not be a high one — and the purchaser would be justified in beating it down to as low a figure as he could.

Our opportunist Utilitarians forget, furthermore, a recent lesson. What material advantages over the neutral countries did the little nations that drew their swords so bravely (?) against those who were then called the enemies of civilization gain in the last war? Or what moral benefits? The truth is that when we delve into official archives and study the genesis of 'the war to end wars,' and the conduct of the war 'to save Democracy,' we discover that not one of the countries that compromised itself in that barbarous slaughter emerged without abundant reason to hang its head in shame.

Some of our publicists would like to see the Monroe Doctrine converted into a Pan-American League of Nations. I believe that as long as most of the Governments in America are dominated by their present nationalism and jingoism it will not be possible to form a League where all enjoy equal rights. When conditions change — and they will not change until the labor movement has become the dominant force in politics throughout all America — it may be practicable to form such a League. In fact, a League will then come about almost automatically. But it will be a peace alliance, not a war alliance.

We see it suggested in Mexico that she denounce her recent treaty of commerce with Japan as a friendly

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gesture to the United States. The treaty in question is an ordinary international agreement, such as Mexico has concluded and will conclude hereafter with any friendly nation. It is absurd to suppose that such a treaty can offend the sensibilities of Washington.

Furthermore, such a suggestion overlooks a fundamental fact. If Mexico, in the exercise of functions that lie within her clear discretion in a matter purely commercial and pacific, and in a case where she does not show favor to any country at the expense of another, must have the acquiescence or the approval of a foreign Power, then she has renounced definitely and explicitly her sovereign rights. If Mexico must lose her independence, let her not do so by her own act; let it be wrested from her by force. Above all, let us not descend so low as to put up our national dignity for sale to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

THE DEAD HEART OF AUSTRALIA. I[1]

A LADY'S DESERT TREK

BY PHILIPPA BRIDGES

[THE author is a sister of the Governor of South Australia, and probably the third lady to cross the Australian Continent by the route she describes.]

I LEFT Adelaide on a cold spring day in August for Oodnadatta by the fortnightly mail train — a thirty-six hours' run of 686 miles. The green uplands of the dairy-farming district round Quorn soon gave place to rough stony country called 'gibbah' — a kind of cornelian — and colored shales. In places the landscape was adazzle like a mixture of mica and broken glass. One may or may not be able to see the waters of Lake Eyre from the train. One certainly thinks one does, but in that dry, salt country the mirage plays a hundred tricks, and at midday, when the sun was very hot, lakes bordered with rushes appeared on all sides. The chief interest on the way was water, which is obtained by boring sometimes to a depth of over two thousand feet, whence it rises almost boiling. One would think that this fine, dry air would cure all the chest troubles in the world, but I saw only one invalid taking advantage of it — a retired soldier living in a tent on the Crown Land, which is free to all.

Twenty-five miles from Oodnadatta, at Macumba Ranch, the manager was arranging my 'plant.' I began to realize the spaciousness of Australia when this gentleman told me that he managed twelve thousand square miles of cattle stations. I asked him, 'How many beasts to the acre?' 'Acre?' he said, as if the word puzzled him. 'About one and a half to the square mile.' The plant, which was very satisfactory and easy to handle, consisted of four camels, an aboriginal called Macumba Jack as pilot, and his *lubra* Topsy as maid, a comfortable new saddle, a well-filled tuckerbox, and

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *August* 11, 13

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other comforts. I thanked my host and hostess most heartily for their kind hospitality and forethought, mounted my camel, and was heaved aloft, with the parting advice, '"Whish" down well before sunset and get a comfortable camp before dark.'

Nothing could have made that first night anything but a trial, however, for a dust storm smothered everything, and I found the ground hard and cold, in spite of a warm sleeping-bag. The storm raged all next day, and the natives rode along miserably, with their blankets over their heads. We came to a bore pouring out hot water into a warm lake, whose cooler end harbored a fine flock of waterfowl. Near by stood a tiny iron store, full of tinned oysters, whence a white man, whom the boy called Ole Ike Harvey, emerged, shook my dusty hand in his dusty hand, and wished me the best of luck. The only other living thing I saw that day was an emu, which raced away faster than a horse can gallop.

Next morning we met the fortnightly camel mail returning from Horseshoe Bend and learned that it would be useless to camp near Hamilton Bore, the next watering-place, for the feed had eaten out for six miles round the water. Some hours later, when the boy had gone off on foot after game, a lost bull camel came toward us, and Topsy, riding the lead camel, cried: 'I frightened he go for us.' So we took the four camels into the bush, 'whished' down and dismounted, and chased the intruder away. Though he came back several times, we finally got rid of him. He was pathetic as well as dangerous, and he went off down the road, looking like a 'devil and an ostrich and an orphan child in one.' At Hamilton Bore an Afghan string of about a hundred camels was resting. There was a dead cow in the water, but nobody seemed to mind, and, as Macumba Jack did not see his way to pulling it out, we left it there.

A clear sunset over the 'gibbah' turned the whole world rosy, but we could not camp until we reached feed and firewood, though the continual sway and jerk, jerk and sway, of the camel made me wish the day's march at an end. We came to some scrubby stuff known as 'camel tucker' and persevered in search of wood. But let those who set out upon a long camel-journey take heed when Nature gives the word to halt. I felt very sick at the end of this third day aboard the ship of the desert. About seven o'clock, after a march of twenty-seven miles, two or three dead trees appeared, stretching out black arms against the purple gloom, and, appreciating them only as firewood, without regard to their picturesqueness, we 'whished' down and pitched camp in a Dantesque, end-of-the-world spot called Jacuna, which the gable of my tent and a few red embers seemed to strive, almost in vain, to bring within the inhabited portion of the globe.

The following day I elected to walk, and did about fifteen miles, arriving at a dry creek, which was made beautiful by red-breasted swallows darting about under the gum-trees. I camped early, and spent most of the afternoon in slumber. Blood's Creek proved a friendly spot, in spite of arid surroundings and an uneuphonious name. It contains a hotel and store. I camped at sunset among the 'bogobine grass,' a very poor feed, and next day crossed the undefined border into the Northern Territory.

I visited the telegraph station at Charlotte Water and the new well, and 'whished' down as soon as I had got beyond the barren region that surrounds every watering-place and could find feed for the camels; in this case it was gidya, a tough, drought-resisting

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shrub, with wattlelike flowers. Dead bullocks strewed the roadside at intervals, and I was in a panic lest in the dark we should camp upon their bones. The 'blacks,' though anxious to get to their supper, were very patient. They searched the ground with tufts of lighted grass, and reported: 'No bones here, Aracucha. No dead bullock. Good, clean camp.'

At New Crown station, where I stayed a night, I was shown some dingo pups. A moment after sunset the air was as keen as in Switzerland, and as soon as darkness fell there were rushes of galloping hoofs, as mobs of bush horses went by to the water. All foodstuffs except meat came by camel from Oodnadatta, the horses being too weak to be used. If camel transport were not available in a dry season such as this, some of the settlers would have to leave their homes. I had hoped to get both a breeze and a view from the top of Old Crown Point, but the overhanging Crown was too difficult to climb, so I contented myself with a walk upon the slopes, gathering bits of wolfram and some indifferent garnets.

The Finke River, which we crossed twenty-five times, was a succession of dry sandy creeks, where fine, white-stemmed gum-trees harbored cockatoos and parrots. These 'rivers' flood swiftly in wet weather, sometimes to the point of danger, for they receive tributaries and flow like streams. The road wound down a steep hill between mounds of colored shale that looked like the refuse of a mine, but the boy told me that it was the work of Nature, 'No one done it.' At the foot lies Horseshoe Bend station, where I spent a pleasant hour, and then set out for the Depot Sandhills. If time had permitted, I would have spent a few days in this locality. The brick-red sand, the beautiful casurina trees, which only grow in soft country, and the entertaining 'sand devils,' so tame that one can pick them up, examine them, and set them down again without their doing more than make a face at one, give the place an interest all its own. The days were always hot, and at high noon sometimes trying, but the evening hour made up for all fatigue or discomfort, and the first breath of wind was like a stave of a song. In the Sandhills the evening hour was doubly exquisite, for as soon as the sun had gone — not with a pageant, but quietly beautiful — the casurinas began to sing hymns to the Southern Cross.

The constable at Alice Well asked me to dinner and gave me some fresh bread and eggs. Topsy makes good damper, but travelers would never have bread were it not for the kindness of the people living by the way. The boy was anxious to show me a 'black-fellah road' that would save twenty-two miles. It proved, however, to be trackless bush without even a pad, and the day was spent in skirmishing about on excited camels searching for a way through thickets, so that anything saved in mileage was lost in energy, and the camels were quite ready for a long drink at Deep Well the following day. Wire Creek Soakage, to which Macumba Jack had often alluded, was an unimpressive hole in a mud bank; but, if we had been short of water it would have been important, for we could have got a supply here by digging.

The Macdonnell Ranges, toward which we were heading, lost the blueness of distance and looked barren and arid. During that long, hot afternoon my camel bolted, frightened by a myall, or bush black, who stepped out of a thicket just in front of us, the first passer-by for many days. I let the camel go, for I was afraid of pulling out the nose-stud, and made the discovery that a camel's fast gallop is an easier pace than his walk. The silver-gray

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dots of the roofs of Alice Springs came in sight. We 'whished' down at the police station, whose doors opened hospitably to receive me. This brought the first part of the camel journey to an end, 325 miles in fourteen days. The mailmen do it in twelve.

Among the interesting places near Alice Springs are the Arltunga goldfields and the Hermannsburg Mission, near which grow some wonderful cycad and palms, remnants of a lost vegetation that has survived only in this particular spot. Though but two hundred or three hundred feet high, the Macdonnell Ranges rise abruptly from the plain and look imposing. The white population of Alice Springs and Stuart Telegraph Station numbered thirty-six, and they have neither church nor doctor. The need for white women in the Northern Territory is emphasized by the proportion of white children and half-caste; eight white children attended the school, and nearly forty little half-castes were being maintained in a refuge at government expense. Here they apparently looked after themselves; all slept in the same room at night, and were drafted off, the boys at fourteen years old and the girls at twelve, into the service of anyone who had no prejudice against them.

Here, as farther north, no 'springs' are visible, the township being watered from the artesian basin. Gardens flourish, if irrigated twice daily, but fruit is scarce, a hasty administrator some years ago having ordered the destruction of all citrus trees throughout the territory, because those at Darwin were attacked by some pest.

The water-holes were places of tragedy. At Simpson's Gap the water was so foul that the animals had recourse to a way of their own for filtering it, pawing a hole in the ground to make a 'soak,' and several dry holes testified to the failure of their efforts. But in one place a 'black tracker,' or native policeman, pointed out a tunnel about four feet long with a little water at the end, which, he said, a cow had scooped out with her horns. Though the conservation of water was of such vital importance, I could find no precautions at all taken to ensure its cleanliness, the carcasses of dead cattle and poisoned wild dogs — which generally die near the water and sometimes in it — being neither buried nor burned.

Sergeant Stott, whose advice, backed by forty years' experience, was of great value to me, arranged the plans for my next stage, and his capable wife was also very kind and helpful. He showed me specimens of the four poisonous plants that have been so fatal to cattle, and made out a list of the distances between the waters from the Alice to Tennant's Creek, where I should part with the camels, on account of the dangers of the ironbark tree, and continue the journey with horses.

The 'plant' mustered, refreshed after a few days' rest, we took the winding path over the Ranges and descended to the northern plain. I traveled on into the night, and camped just short of some good feed, which was unfortunate, for the camels would never forage in advance of the camp, and the boy had to go a long way for them in the morning. Here, as farther south, every vestige of feed was 'eaten out' for several miles round the watering-places. At Connor's Well two boys were drawing water with a horse and 'whip,' and there was a terrible commotion among a big mixed mob of animals at the inadequate trough. Mares lost their foals, cows their calves; poor wasted creatures would get just a mouthful of water and be pushed away and hang on the outskirts of the crowd, waiting their turn in the queue, only to be pushed away again. Sometimes, very far from water or feed, we passed a few cattle

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standing with lowered heads. They did not move off at the approach of the camels. Often they did not even turn their heads, but some would look at me with '*Ora pro nobis*' in their eyes. Of course they were doomed. To-morrow their heads would be lower. Then they would sink down. I saw them in every stage.

At Glen Maggie station, where I spent the night, the evening's conversation would have been thoroughly enjoyable but for the fact that during this exceptionally bad season the sufferings of the animals and the consequent difficulties and privations of the settlers were very affecting. Here it was lambing-time, and, though good cotton bush was growing six miles away, there was no means of bringing it to the sheep-yards. Macumba Jack and Topsy vanished suddenly over the horizon, taking the camels with them, and in the morning it was discovered that they had fled from infection, there being an outbreak of influenza, often fatal to natives, among the blacks at Glen Maggie.

One day the boy shot a kangaroo, and I felt very sad when a young one was pulled out of its pouch. Be it said here that the old bush belief concerning the marsupial birth dies hard; one intelligent white woman whom I met declared that she had witnessed the supposed phenomenon with her own eyes. The natives cooked the kangaroo in the traditional way, baking it in its skin in hot embers in a hole in the ground. During the night we had the excitement of a snake hunt. Topsy and I kept up an illumination with tufts of lighted grass while the boy killed it. What with the snake and the kangaroo orgy, it was a disturbed night, and I found it hard to rouse my retainers in the morning.

At Ti-tree Well two local ranchers had just returned from branding. One of them had brought a mob of cattle through the poison zone, and I was an interested listener to his account of it when a sudden excitement outside announced a stampede. All the baggage had been tossed on to the ground and the camels were off into the bush. The two white men were most kind and helpful. One called for a horse to ride after the camels; the other collected, dusted, and repacked the scattered property. The whole commotion was caused by two small kids, which strolled out of the goat-yard to have a look at the camels.

The next day I reached Central Mount Stuart, but my resolution to climb it failed me, for the heat was intense, and after dinner in a dry, shelterless creek at Bullocky Soak I was glad to be on the move again. We crossed a large 'clay pan,' toiled up a ridge of sandhills, and came upon a beautiful extensive view of the Stirling country, miles of mulga scrub beneath us giving a very unusual softness to the landscape. The afternoon march brought me within a few miles of Barrow Creek. I had been expecting to meet an Afghan called Allah Mahomed coming south with a camel string, who would give me information about the poisons. At evening we heard bells about a mile to the north, and in the early morning I walked out to find his camp. He greeted me with the dignified *Salaam, memsahib*, of his country, followed by an Australian handshake. He advised me not to tie up the camels and feed them with branches, as I had meant to do, but to graze them in the ordinary way, to hurry them over stony places and 'gaps' where the weed was thickest, and to halt by the ashes of his own camp-fires, as these stopping-places had proved to be safe ones.

Barrow Creek telegraph station is an historic spot since the native attack upon the place in 1873, when the sta-

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tion-master and blacksmith were murdered. The officers to-day have more peaceful lives. They received me most hospitably, and sped me on my way with fresh bread and tomatoes. 'Camp near the shackle, this side of the jump-up,' they advised. 'Then you'll get a good night, with no fear of poison weed.' I had not yet met with the noxious weeds, but was soon to realize their fatal effect. Near Taylor's Well we came on the carcasses of fifteen hundred poisoned cattle that the crows would not touch, lying in twos and threes and sometimes in heaps. We could hardly get the camels to go forward. I can give no idea of the strange, sinister effect of the bright sunshine and foul atmosphere. Nor can I describe the feeling of loneliness that came over me when I found myself in the midst of the desolation, riding along with compressed lips, reins tied to saddle, a stout mulga switch in each hand, working with these and my heels to urge my unwilling camel on. It was a relief to reach clean country and get into camp.

The indigo bush and sage bush that wrought this havoc do no harm to camels. My real anxiety began when we reached the big round rocks called Devil's Marbles, where the gastrolobium is rife. This shrub, with its tender green leaf and blossom rather like a wallflower, has invited many a camel to death. No certain remedy has been found, but one man is supposed to have saved his camel with Condy's crystals. Needless to say, I kept these handy, but happily had no need to use them. Macumba Jack proved himself a good pilot. He walked ahead of the string, weeded the gastrolobium from the path and threw it aside. Under the shadow of a Marble a solitary pedestrian was boiling himself a billy can of tea. He said that in another two hours we should be out of the danger zone, but added that two miles to the eastward a friend of his had lost fifteen out of thirty camels in a night.

SPINSTER

BY MARION PEACOCK

[Poetry]

Roses for love: I laughed and flung
The littering petals far.
'My heart 's scarce grown enough, I 'm young.'
I hooked love to a star.

He dangled stiffly there till I
Dried like a buried bone.
Now wind and sky together cry,
'Alone, alone, alone.'

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THE FRENCH IN MOSCOW [1]

BY LEV TOLSTOI

[We print below further fragments from the unpublished portion of Tolstoi's great novel, *War and Peace*, which have recently appeared in the Russian press.]

The evening bells were ringing. Pierre, wearing a peasant's overcoat, sat on a curbstone in the Arbat, opposite the church of St. Nicholas Yavlenni, and gazed at the empty street, expecting at any moment to see the passing French. Two men ran past, saying that they were already in the Smolensk Mart, and the two French hussars ran across the street.

Pierre had left the house in the morning with the intention of taking part in the last defense of Moscow. He still believed in the last desperate battle, like the defense of Saragossa.

Moscow was empty, only here and there crowds had collected, and Pierre realized that there would be no battle. Nevertheless, Pierre was perturbed and felt the desire to show that nothing mattered to him. The feeling that had overwhelmed him in the last few days was the Russian feeling that prompts the merchant who is out to enjoy himself to smash the looking-glasses—the feeling that expresses the supreme judgment over all the artificial conditions of life, on the strength of some other, dimly realized Truth.

One thing Pierre was not thinking about, which his instinct had suggested to him and which he had decided as soon as he made up his mind to remain in Moscow—that he was going to stay, not under his own name and title of Count Bezuhov, the son-in-law of one of the great dignitaries, but as a doorkeeper. This new position, and the attitude of the people who treated him as an equal, gladdened him.

At the end of the Arbat dust appeared in the rays of the setting sun; the cries of the French were heard as they saw the first long, beautiful street. Cavalry on the move appeared in the dust.

Pierre watched their approach intently. The thought that he was already captured and his boats were burned was terrifying and exhilarating.

Mortier was riding in front of the cavalry column, with a brilliant suite. With his arms akimbo, in a conquering pose, he was looking around. Several people watched the procession. Mortier turned his mount toward the church of St. Nicholas and stopped, pointing to Pierre. An officer in the uniform of the uhlans rode up to Pierre and asked in Russian: 'Thou, Russian, hear, which is the church of Ivan the Great?'

'I do not know,' answered Pierre in Russian.

At the same moment a man, who probably was the deacon of the church, came up to the officer and began to speak with him.

Pierre walked quickly from the Arbat into a side street. He looked back several times, and his face was distorted by anger and emotion. The troops behind him were shouting '*Vive*

[1] From *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *September*

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l'Empereur!' as they marched past Mortier.

Pierre stopped in front of a house that had flowers in the windows, and remembered that it was inhabited by the Princess Chirguizova, an old maid, with whom his Princesses were friends and whom he had occasionally visited in the old days. Pierre remembered this as he saw the house. But he also remembered vividly the year 1795, when he still cared for the honor of his wife and when he heard for the first time that her honor had been lost and besmirched. This he remembered because at that moment the same feeling arose in his heart which he had then experienced. *Then* the object of his feeling was his wife and the honor of the family. *Now* the object was Moscow and the fatherland. *Then*, as though putting his finger in the sore, he imagined himself in the position of the man who, for fun, had robbed him of his honor. And now he clearly imagined the joy and triumph of the victorious French, their disregard for the sufferings and moral humiliation of the Russians.

With a knitted brow, in anger he stood at the gate of the house, groaning and whispering something unintelligible to himself, vainly trying to ask himself the same questions: Why, and What to do?

'What are you standing here for? What is it you have not seen?' shouted suddenly a woman's voice from the open gate.

It was the Princess's maid.

'Is the Princess at home?' asked Pierre mechanically.

'Good gracious! I believe it is the master!'

Pierre followed the maid into the house.

The Princess was in Moscow, and everything with her was as before. As soon as Pierre entered the hall he felt the customary smell of something stale and of the dog. He saw the old manservant, the chambermaid, and the woman jester. He saw the flowers on the window-sills and the parrot. Everything was the same as ever, and this sight calmed Pierre for a moment.

'Who is there?' sounded the grumpy, squeaking voice of the old lady, and Pierre could not help thinking, 'How will the French dare to come in, if she shouts like this?'

'Czarevna (that was the nickname of the jester)! Go and see in the hall, who it is.'

'It is I, Princess. May I?'

'Who is "I"? Is it Bonaparte? Well, good day, my dear? How is it you have not run away? Everyone is fleeing, father mine. Sit down, sit down. And what is this? Whose clothes? Are we at Christmastide? Czarevna, come here, have a look! Are you trying to hide from the French? Have they already come?' asked the Princess, as though inquiring whether the cook had returned from the Okhotni Food Market.

She did not, could not or would not, understand what was going on. Curiously enough, her assurance was so strong that Pierre, as he watched her, realized that nothing could be done against her.

'And my neighbor, Maria Ivanovna Dolohova, left yesterday. Her son rushed her off, and he was dressed exactly like you. He came here and tried to persuade me to leave. Otherwise he said he would burn the house. I said, "Burn it, and I will deliver you to the police."'

'But the police have left.'

'What shall we do without the police? I suppose they have their own police. I think we cannot manage without some police. How can they set fire to the houses? Let them flee. I shall profit by it. I have moved my

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laundry to their courtyard — so I have more room.'

A knock was heard at the gate, and in a few minutes a French hussar, pale, thin, and shy, entered the room. He very politely apologized for troubling the hostess and asked for food.

The Princess did not speak French. She understood, however, what he meant and gave orders to take him into the hall and to give him something to eat.

Pierre came into the room to see the Frenchman.

'*Monsieur, mon cher Monsieur,*' said the Frenchman, blushing, beckoning to Pierre to follow him into the hall. Pierre went with him.

'*Voyez-vous,*' said the Frenchman, blushing again and showing his black shirt. '*Est-ce que la bonne dame ne pourrait pas me donner une chemise, quelque chose en fait de linge? Voyez-vous.*'

Pierre returned to the old lady and told her about it.

'All right, my pet. Why not give? I give alms to the beggars. Czarevna, go to the storeroom. No, send Matreshka.'

The Princess gave orders where to find the linen, and added: —

'Tell him that I give for mercy. Tell him that he should tell his chief that I, the Princess Chirguizova, a general's daughter, live here, that I do not interfere with anyone, and that they must not cause me any worry, or I shall find a court for them. And they 'd better send "Himself" to me. All right, all right, get on and God bless you,' she said to the Frenchman, who was clicking his heels at the door of the sitting-room, thanking *la bonne dame.*

Pierre was quite calm. He left the Princess with the Frenchman. Infantry were now marching down the Arbat, and Pierre felt that the old sensation was returning.

Twilight had come. A man in a caftan, but, judging from his walk and his boots, not a peasant, passed through the open door of the church. Pierre followed him. The church was empty. The man, who reminded Pierre of someone he knew very well, was kneeling before the altar, signing himself and bowing to the ground.

The same feeling of humiliation, anger, and jealousy, similar to the one he had experienced toward his wife, but much stronger, again seized Pierre.

'The French will come in presently and turn me out,' thought Pierre as he heard from the church their footsteps and their merry talk in the Arbat. 'What shall I do?' And again the same answer, as to the other question, suggested itself: 'Shall I kill him or kill myself? Only death can undo that knot.' But *then* it was obvious that he ought to kill Dolohov.

'Whom shall I kill? Him? Bonaparte? But why has destiny brought me here to kill him?' thought Pierre. 'And I shall kill him. . . .'

While he was joyfully thinking, in detail, how he would go to-morrow, with a revolver hidden under his coat, into the town, how he would try to meet Napoleon and fire at him, the man who had been at prayer rose briskly from his kneeling posture, blew his nose, wiped his tears, and walked quickly to the entrance, where he butted into Pierre.

'Bezuhov?'

'Dolohov! Is it possible? Why are you here?'

'And you? You saw,' said Dolohov. 'Already in the Kremlin. But not for long. I am going to set fire to it all to-morrow. My lads are ready. I shall burn my house myself.'

'And the Princess?'

'The old woman must be removed. Why are you here?'

Pierre looked at Dolohov with as-

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tonishment and joy, and a calming feeling descended upon his soul.

'Why have you stayed?' repeated Dolohov.

'I? Why? Dolohov, I shall kill Bonaparte,' whispered Pierre.

'How will you kill him?'

Two French soldiers entered the church.

'Where do you live?' asked Dolohov.

Pierre told him.

'You won't kill him. It 's no use.' Dolohov drew his face close to Pierre's, laughed, and stepped aside.

'Well, good-bye, Bezuhov.'

He embraced and kissed him and left the church with a hurried step. Pierre followed him out of the church and walked home along the side streets.

As he was returning to his house, he saw French soldiers in different places. They were getting into their quarters.

The cavalrymen were dismounting, entering the houses, and marking them in chalk: 'Occupied by such and such troops.'

Once or twice they asked Pierre where the Kremlin was or what was the name of the street. Pierre shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to understand. On the Petrovka he saw a crowd. Some generals were turning the carriages out of the sheds. They admired them and took possession of them. In the quarter where Aksinia Larionovna lived, on the Priesnya and the Patriarch's Ponds there was nobody yet. He reached his home.

The fool, Aksinia Larionovna's husband, was the first to meet him at the gate. He was carrying a huge blunderbuss. He was very drunk and had gone to the other extreme from his previous shyness and humility. He was Souvorov! In his underclothes, he walked in front of the gate and shouted the words of command: —

'Quick march! Hurrah! Forward! I shall pierce thy loins! Who am I? Souvorov! Thou, thou, who art thou? A Frenchman?' he yelled, addressing Pierre.

Aksinia Larionovna rushed out, pulled 'Souvorov's hand, so that he nearly fell, and dragged him into the house.

'I just went out for a short hour, I was n't watching him. . . . They have smashed a tavern near Kudrin . . . and so he has been boozing. . . . Have they come?' she asked.

'They have.'

'And they have been to your place?'

'No, thank God.'

'Let him try!' shouted 'Souvorov' from behind the screen.

Pierre went behind his screen, lay on the bed and wept tears of anger and humiliation.

'Aksinia Larionovna, mother mine, my pet, it is he, it is he! I swear it is he!' shouted the cook as she rushed into the room.

Voices were heard: 'It is they! The French!'

Aksinia Larionovna, the cook, and the fool, whom they did not notice, ran out into the entrance. Pierre wiped his tears, got up and followed them. It was true: Frenchmen stood at the gate, headed by an officer.

The officer was a short young man with a fine figure and an exceedingly handsome Italian face. His prominent, half-closed, black velvety eyes, with a poetical expression which Pierre could not fail to notice, were particularly attractive.

When the officer saw a woman, Aksinia Larionovna, he immediately smiled and raised his cap with obviously genuine, hearty courtesy and good-will. The smile made his beautiful face look still more attractive. There was something childish and at the same time *comme il faut* in it, as Pierre noticed.

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Pierre decided that he must be not only a kindly, clever, and well-educated man, but also well-bred, *de bonne maison*.

'*Pardon, Madame, quartier,*' said the officer. He was apparently sincerely embarrassed by his position of a conqueror and was trying to conceal under the cloak of politeness all the advantages of his position.

'*Nous ne ferons point de mal à nos hôtes. Vous serez contents de nous. Si cela ne vous dérange pas trop . . .*' said the officer in good French, but with an Italian accent.

'*Est-ce que personne ne parle français ici?*'

As he looked around, his eyes met Pierre's. Pierre was touched by the nice, kindly, and deeply melancholy look of this officer, especially because it was the reverse of what he had anticipated. Pierre instinctively opened his mouth to answer in French, when suddenly quite close to his ear the drunken shout of 'Souvorov' was heard, and his blunderbuss protruded, aiming straight at the French officer's chest.

'Bonapartius, go to hell!' The trigger clicked, the flint struck the hammer.

Pierre turned rapidly, struck up the muzzle of the blunderbuss, and right over his ear the rusty weapon that had been loaded long ago discharged with a deafening noise. The shot gave 'Souvorov' such a shock that he fell back toward the door. The women shrieked, the entrance was filled with smoke, and Pierre rushed toward the officer.

'*Vous n'êtes pas blessé?*' he asked.

The officer was pale, but smiling.

'*Mon cher, je vous dois la vie,*' he said as he clasped Pierre's hand. '*Et moi qui croyais que vous êtes Russe! Vous êtes Français.*'

The French officer was convinced that a man who behaves in a chivalrous manner, magnanimously (naturally, for any man to save *his* life was the height of chivalry and magnanimity), must needs be a Frenchman.

But Pierre, who no longer concealed his knowledge of the French language, disappointed him. He told him he was a Russian, and that the man who had fired at him was a drunken madman. The Frenchman stopped the two soldiers who had come with him and had rushed in as they heard the shot. He took Pierre's arm and came into the room, continuing to thank him heartily for saving his life.

The terrified women, meanwhile, took the harmless blunderbuss from 'Souvorov.' They dragged him by the hands, beat him, and pushed him behind the screen.

The French officer gave his rank, name, and surname. He was an officer in the Hussars and was an aide-de-camp to the King of Italy. His name was Émile Poncini.

'*Qui que vous soyez, vous comprenez que je me sens lié à vous par des liens inoubliables. Disposez de moi,*' said Poncini, looking at Pierre with his beautiful melancholy eyes.

He asked for food. Pierre offered him some tea with milk (they had a cow in the yard), and while they were having tea they talked. Poncini could not understand that Moscow was empty, as it was contrary to all expectations and rules. Obviously expressing the view of the Headquarters and of the entire Army, he was in the same quandary as a man who should come forward according to all the rules to fight a duel with swords, standing correctly *en garde*, raising his left arm, his sword *en tiers*, expecting his opponent to be in the same position — and finding that the opponent was not behaving regularly at all. He tries to take up the position *en quarte, en seconde*, even *en quinte* — but he does not encounter

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his opponent's sword. The opponent stands, bending sideways, with something terrible — something you cannot quite see — in his hands, a thick stick or a huge stone.

Poncini was bewildered and asked Pierre what this position in Moscow meant. How should it be interpreted? Had Moscow surrendered? In that case, why was there no deputation from the inhabitants '*implorant la clémence des vainqueurs*'? Had she surrendered after battle? Why then was there no street-fighting? Had she been destroyed, as in the Scythian War, and as happened to the other cities? Why then had she remained with all her treasures?

It was against all the rules, against all traditions of history.

Pierre could not answer any of these questions. He did not himself quite understand what this Moscow meant on the evening of September the second. Without looking at his companion, he said that Moscow had not surrendered and would never surrender. And while he was saying this, the French officer was struck by the sombre expression of his face.

'Yours is a great nation,' said Poncini. ' I have often thought and said so. *Et savez-vous, mon cher, je suis franc avec vous, je me suis pris un million de fois pendant cette campagne à envier votre sort à vous, d'appartenir à une grande nation. Je suis Italien, nous n'avons que le passé. Le présent — c'est le despotisme d'un homme — l'avenir, c'est le néant.*'

'But your past is also your present,' said Pierre. He appreciated the delicacy of Poncini, who had changed the conversation. 'Your past is art, science, poetry, which gives life to all of you. You are envying us now, and how many times have I not envied you, you who have had your Raphaels, Correggios, Copernicuses, Dantes, Tassos!'

After spending all these days with Aksinia Larionovna and 'Souvorov,' Pierre could not help enjoying a conversation about the interests of art and science — a realm that was entirely foreign to his present companions. Perhaps he was also unconsciously pleased that in discussing these things he surprised Poncini with his knowledge.

Poncini looked at Pierre in silence with his melancholy eyes, and his lips smiled tenderly. He struck the table with his small hand.

'*Mais qui êtes-vous donc, vous, pour connaître les arts et les sciences?*'

'*Moi?*' said Pierre, wondering what to answer. Suddenly he heard the drunken shouts of the two French troopers who had brought Poncini's horses and cart. Other unfamiliar voices were also heard. The menacing cries grew louder. Pierre and Poncini rose and walked to the porch.

A crowd of Dragoons stood at the gate, and several of them were cursing the French troopers in German because — as Pierre immediately realized from their German jargon — these Wurttemberg Dragoons wanted to be quartered in the same yard, and the French were preventing them. They could not understand one another. Poncini, who did not know German, shouted to them in French, trying to explain who he was, but the Dragoons took no notice of him and were forcing their way into the yard. One of them pushed a Frenchman, who drew a pistol, and a fight would have ensued had not Pierre stepped forward and explained in German who Poncini was. The Germans quieted down when they heard that he was an A.D.C. to the King of Italy, and the N.C.O. ordered them to stop.

'*Das sollen sie ja voraus sagen*' (You should have said so, before), he said.

'*Mais qui diable êtes-vous donc?*' said Poncini, smiling kindly to Pierre when

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they returned to the samovar. '*Qui diable êtes-vous pour connaître le Dante et le Tasse et parler toutes les langues? Je vois un hazard providentiel de vous avoir rencontré. Attendez.*' He grasped Pierre's hand and made the sign of the third degree of the Masonic Order. Pierre answered him with a smile:—

'*Qui je suis?* I will tell you. I know you, and I will not ask you to keep the secret. I know you will keep it. My name does not matter to you, but I am one of the richest men in Russia. I am a Russian count. I have two enormous houses in Moscow, but I have stayed here in order to see the French army perish. I have faith that it will perish, and I stayed not in my own house and not under my own name.'

'You believe in the destruction of the French army?'

'Yes.'

'Well, my savior, do not let us talk about that. Let us forget enmity. We are two men, distant, strange to one another in everything except the heart which tells me that you are my brother, so let us be brothers.'

'Let us be brothers,' repeated Pierre.

They looked at one another with a happy smile.

'*O! la terrible chose que la guerre,*' said Poncini. '*Qui l'aurait dit à moi que je serais soldat, moi qui n'aime que l'art, la poésie et celle qui. . . .* Are you married?'

'Yes, I was married,' replied Pierre. And for the first time, looking into these eyes of Poncini, so full of love, he recalled together two circumstances and came to a conclusion. He recalled his wife's request for a divorce, his freedom, and his last meeting with Natasha yesterday, with all the charm of her joy, her tenderness and animation. 'Yes, that might be,' he thought. Poncini, leaning upon the table, sat opposite Pierre and related to him his entire life, as he might have told it to the man in the moon. He told him of his relations with his father whom he did not like, and of his love.

In the middle of his story he quoted in a clear, lovely voice a line from Dante, and Pierre, who knew it by heart, finished the verse.

'You love this verse; you have felt the same. . . . And why am I talking about myself alone? Tell me your story. The story of your love, because there is nothing but love in life.'

'You want me to tell you my life's story and my love?' said Pierre. 'Do you know, I have never told anyone the story of my life, not even myself. It seemed all so simple to me. But to you — that is a different matter.'

Pierre began to tell the story of his life, condensing as much as he could, and while he spoke he was himself surprised how simple and clear the meaning of his life appeared to him, for the first time. He told of his education in Switzerland, of the veneration in which he had held Napoleon, of the ideas that filled his soul, of what he had found in Russia, of his false position, of his father, and of his affair with Aksiusha.

'*Et c'était là votre premier amour?*' said Poncini, gazing at Aksinia Larionovna, who was serving a roast fowl.

Pierre then told him of his accidental meeting with Natasha as a child and of the premonition he had that she must influence his life. He related all the humiliation and misery that riches had brought to him, and how he wandered like a lost soul in that fog, which enveloped him immediately, and how in the fog he came across the woman — Helen.

'She was n't a bad woman, and I am more guilty toward her than she is toward me. She might have been a good woman. I came across her in the fog of riches, I mistook another feeling for love, and I married her.

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'All the beautiful things and thoughts — such as masonry — which came to me at that time were hidden by the fog of riches, and I did not live. One thing only I remember. I had a friend, and he is no more. He had a rare, fine, but proud soul. I met her, and so did he. I tried to bring them together, as something in my own soul made me feel that they were made for one another. And then . . . and then. . . . She lost her head, she insulted him, and he left her. And again fate so decreed that I had to play a part in this. I found her in tears and in sorrow, and I said things I ought not to have said. And from that moment, I know, she loved me as a friend. But there was no friendship in my soul. I was frightened of myself and I said I would not see her again. And would you believe it! Yesterday, when I was in these clothes, when I thought the least of her, when I knew that she was free, because her former fiancé was killed — it is terrible to think of it — but I say this only to you, as to my own conscience — and when I was free . . . it so happened that I met her in the crowd of refugees, and she recognized me and she told me . . .'

Pierre grew very excited as he said this. His eyes were shining.

'No, I must not, I cannot think of this. . . .'

Poncini kept silent and looked at him tenderly. They did not speak for a considerable time. Poncini rose and took his hand.

'*Mon ami, comme je suis heureux de vous avoir rencontré. Vous serez heureux, je le sens.*'

'*Qui sait?* One should not think of it.'

Pierre rose in his turn, and they went out for a walk. Darkness had set in. Aksinia Larionovna, the cook, and the two Frenchmen stood by the gate. One could hear their laughter and their chatter that neither could understand. They were joking, gazing at the fires and the red glare of the sky over the town. It was the first fire on the Petrovka. Poncini and Pierre joined them and began to watch the fire. There was nothing exceptional in a fire, in a big city. They all watched calmly the distant glare, about a mile and a half away.

Above the dark houses, the churches, the white lights of the street lanterns, the lighted windows, the bonfires, and even above the poor flames that went up occasionally from the fire (although five enormous houses were already burning), above these dark, wretched, black spots of human work and of the bonfires, lay the starry, endless sky with the young crescent and with the comet that Pierre remembered and loved so well. This contrast struck Pierre and his new friend. Poncini sighed and recited a verse from Dante.

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GUY DE MAUPASSANT AS I KNEW HIM[1]

BY A FRIEND

We are no other than a Moving Row
Of Magic Shadow-Shapes that come and go
  Round with the Sun-Illumined Lantern, held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequerboard of Nights and Days;
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

— OMAR

IN saying the few words that I have to say about Guy de Maupassant, I am anxious to make it clear from the very beginning that I have no intention of making any attempt to criticize his works, or even to give any personal estimate of his great talent; much less to seek to anticipate in imagination what special niche in the temple of French literature posterity will eventually assign to the author of *Une Vie*. I greatly admired his writings from the very beginning; to me they shone like gold, true gold if not without alloy, in the mass of more or less counterfeit metal called unwittingly into existence by honest, earnest, poseless, gifted, bourgeois Émile Zola and his so-called 'school.'

I was introduced to him, as an Englishman who admired him, by a man he thought very highly of — Charles Yriarte. He liked me a little, I think. I am certain I liked him very much. We had some curious experiences together, some of which I will narrate and some I dare not. For a time we saw not a little of each other, then we drifted apart owing to my absence for a time from Paris to look after some race-horses I had, and before our comparative intimacy could be resumed I heard from mutual friends certain facts concerning his physical and mental condition that made me pause and ask myself whether, perhaps, it would not after all be better to content myself with what I had already — to keep in my memory the altogether charming man I had known, as it were, only yesterday, full of health, manly vigor, good nature, high spirits, rather than to run the risk of shrouding this pleasant souvenir by seeking to become acquainted with the wreck I was told he had become.

Before I had quite made up my mind what to do, the end had come — or rather the terrible prelude to the end. He had been taken to a private madhouse founded by Dr. Blanche at Passy, in the former residence of the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe — an odd place, by the way, at which to found a madhouse if, as the 'spiritists' say, ghosts revisit the glimpses of the moon and sometimes wander back to where they lived on earth. I knew, and remembered with horror, that place 'with terror haunted,' for I had been

[1] From the *Cornhill* (London literary monthly), *August*

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there once or twice to see poor Aston Blount (brother of the English banker — one of the Blounts of Mapledurham), one of the leading dandies of Paris, who, suddenly developing insanity in the box at the Opéra of the Princesse d' Henin, was, the following morning early, induced to drive himself in his dogcart to the asylum on the pretext held out to him that it was the home of a wealthy English sportsman who was anxious to consult with him about obtaining a concession for yet another race-course in the Bois, and who never passed the gates again alive.

And with regard to de Maupassant, how glad I am now that I never knew the poor, pale, gaunt, haggard lunatic; that the only Guy I remember is the big, healthy, witty fellow, best described as full of the old Nick, merrily swimming through the warm waters flowing from thirty to forty; that Fate prevented me from making the terrible mistake of knowing too much, or rather of adding to knowledge already enjoyed — from Eve to Bluebeard's wife a lamentable error. To stop in the midst of the enjoyment of a pleasant thing and refuse to advance another step for fear of altering the joy of the passing moment is almost as great and rare a token of genius as recognizing the obvious. Disraeli once said to that most charming of all his many charming intimates, the noble owner of beautiful Althorp — 'my darling Spencer' as he called him: 'Treat a pretty woman as you would a good cigar — put it down before you are tired of it.'

Me préserve le ciel d'en savoir d'avantage.
Le Masque est si joli qui j'ai peur du visage,
Et même en Carnival je n'y toucherai pas.

Now, although I am not an Irishman, I am going to begin, *more Hibernico*, by the end, and speak of my friend's death, before saying anything of the very small part in his life we played together.

Concerning the death of few prominent literary men of to-day have more erroneous rumors been circulated than regarding the untimely 'taking off' of de Maupassant, some of them puerile, some very malevolent, most of them absolutely imaginary and groundless. It has been repeatedly asserted — founded on a statement made by Max Nordau — that there was madness in his family. This is absolutely false; there is not a trace of insanity to be found either on the side of his father or on that of his mother — the Le Poitevins, a rich bourgeois family of Rouen. This Zola told me himself; he never put it in writing. He had taken the greatest pains to investigate the question carefully and exhaustively, and no more honest and trustworthy man ever lived than the creator of Coupeau and Nana, with all his very many faults.

Another wicked rumor put in circulation was that de Maupassant was qualified to be classed among the sufferers depicted by Brieux in a well-known and very stupid play of his. This again — according to Zola — is absolutely false. There was no taint in the blood of his parents, and he himself never had any occasion to consult the illustrious specialist of the Rue Volney. Then again it has been confidently asserted, even by persons who knew him very much better and longer than I did, that he was a victim to hashish, ether, opium, or what not. He himself told me — and told me more than once, always treating the rumors as a good joke — that this report was devoid of truth.

But here he had only himself to thank. He was always indulging in '*fumisteries*' of the most wild and extravagant character, and was never so happy as when 'pulling the leg' of some gullible listener. Like Byron, —

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and also as Dumas fils, Swinburne, Whistler, Dick Burton, and especially the Duke of Edinburgh,—he above all things delighted in shocking people; would indeed go out of the way to do so, and would make the most monstrous assertions about himself in so frank, true, spontaneous, honest, and even penitent a tone as to deceive most people who did not know what a sly and clever jester he was. For example, he gravely recommended cannibalism to Mme. Yung (wife of the old Director of the Revue Bleue), who in horror repeated it to Mme. H. Lecomte de Nouy (née Oudinot de Reggio), and when she asked him if he had himself ever tasted human flesh or spoke only from hearsay, he told her he was recommending what he knew about himself, as he once tasted the shoulder of a pretty woman and it was delicious! I am afraid the hashish, ether, or opium excesses must go to join the *épaule de jolie femme à la purée de baisers* as things untrue and by no means well found.

Then, again, it has been said — and is still said — that he drank to excess. Now this I myself positively know to be absolutely devoid of the slightest foundation. I have been whole days with him, we have had every meal together, and I have never seen him drink more than any ordinary man drinks who is not a total abstainer; and he was very certainly never what is called on his best behavior with me —possibly rather the reverse. But still more, I have on more than one occasion been with him when there was every temptation to seek shelter under *les vignes du Seigneur*, when indeed almost all around him were very much under the influence of *la dive bouteille*, and yet he remained what Swinburne used to call 'painfully sober.'

I remember one occasion particularly. I had introduced him to Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, and genial Jim gave a banquet in his honor at Voisin's. One of our royal princes was there, as was also de Maupassant's great friend the Duc de Chartres — but this last named had to leave directly after dinner. Well, I grieve to relate that everyone at that convivial meeting — of course I except myself — save de Maupassant was eventually in a decidedly 'boiled owl' condition, including even our charming host and no less charming royal prince.

No, very decidedly no, de Maupassant's premature death was not even indirectly brought about by abuse of narcotics, or drink, or by any inherited physical malady of any kind. But it can certainly be said that the disposition he inherited from his father had not a little to do with the wrecking of poor Guy's life. M. de Maupassant *père* had what the French term *le diable au corps:* he was never happy save in the society of pretty women; and so, as his conduct finally became outrageous, his wife had to leave him. There was no divorce, not even a legal separation; they simply agreed to live apart, and the wife — a lady of very remarkable intelligence, whom her famous son constantly consulted in literary matters — took the children with her. Now this ardent gazing toward Cyprus was inherited by Guy and was the chief, if not indeed quite the sole, cause of his lunacy and premature demise. If it be true as Antoine Brit says that

> *Le premier soupir de l'Amour*
> *Est le dernier de la Sagesse,*

can it be surprising to find one whose never-ceasing sighs were forever consecrated to Aphrodite not only lacking in wisdom but gradually though unconsciously surrendering the whole citadel of his being to insanity? Had he been a poor puny homunculus like

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Jules Bastien Lepage he might possibly have contented himself with the anæmic amusements which satisfied that clever but ridiculously overrated artist. But de Maupassant was a fine, strong, splendid, manly fellow, and knowing that he had a big account of health at the Bank of Life he drew lavishly and continuously on it, until at length the store began to dwindle. Courteous hints at first were given — the beginning of loss of memory: no attention was paid, more checks were sent in; then just a penciled memorandum came from the chief cashier — insomnia: no attention paid, more checks sent in; then a less courteous communication — locomotor ataxia: no attention paid, more checks sent in. Then the inevitable, the climax: the last check dishonored, no assets — account closed; the awful house at Passy: death; the busts and statues, the many bombastic eulogies and *oraisons funèbres*; the innumerable baseless fables.

Of these last I must cite one to refute it. It has been said that he so weakened his constitution by hard work as an author that the sea of apolausticism into which he cast himself found in him an easy victim to its waves. Was ever man killed, I wonder, — nay, was ever man aught but braced and stimulated, — by intellectual work? So far as de Maupassant is concerned, he told me over and over again himself that he never felt so well in health as when he 'd been hard at work with one of his stories. No, his harm did not come to him from pen, ink, and paper. His destruction reached him through flashing eyes and smiling lips. If the sparrow-drawn goddess had not so ruthlessly abused the kind hospitality always so enthusiastically extended to her by de Maupassant, if at least even sometimes when she

> Floated in her pearly shell
> A laughing girl

to number 24 Rue Boccador, good devoted François had been authorized by his master to say, '*Monsieur n'est pas chez lui*,' the castastrophe might at least have been postponed — '*un petit moment, M. le Bourreau.*' But the '*mater saeva Cupidinum*' of Horace was never absent from de Maupassant's hearth; positively 'squatted' there, and was as relentless as poor Dubarry's executioner. It would need the synthetic pregnant sentences of the author of *Religio Medici* to describe the catastrophe with proper emphasis and color, but it may truly be said that no unduly protracted plying of the pen pushed poor Guy from his perch; it was his prolonged porcellian pranks and pastimes in Paphos that precipitated the approach of the dreaded shears; he was simply kissed into Charon's skiff.

But I have hinted that although his enthusiastic zeal in Cyprian service was undoubtedly the chief, there might be another, a minor but hardly less potent, cause for de Maupassant's untimely end. A friend of mine, an Austrian, one of the Esterhazys, had a mad passion for consulting doctors, although as a matter of fact there was really nothing in the world the matter with him. He rushed all over the universe consulting all the greatest specialists in all conceivable kinds of diseases, and spent a large fortune in this silly fashion.

One day he arrived at the door of the famous German physician at Heidelberg — Dr. F——. This great man was not only a very clever physician but a keen man of the world. He knew how very seldom common-sense — or what we so call, doubtless because of its rarity — is allowed to intrude itself into the consulting rooms of the very 'top sawyers' of the medical profession, and realized how, because of its usual absence from such palavers, its use by him in his intercourse with his

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patients, not with the brusqueness of an Abernethy, but rather with the sly cynicism of a Heinrich Heine, might individualize him and intensify the limelight in which he was already carelessly collecting colossal fees.

So when the Queen of Sweden sent for him to go to Stockholm he politely and respectfully declined the honor — pointing out to Her Majesty that his passing presence in the Swedish capital could not be of much utility if she were really ill; that if she were not really ill he would certainly not care to allow her to incur the considerable expense the consulting would entail; that his presence in Heidelberg was of paramount importance to a great number of persons very seriously ill; that therefore he could not possibly leave; that if what Her Majesty had told him of her condition were not exaggerated, it would take some little time and constant attention to bring about an absolute cure; that a house near him was to let; and that if she cared to come to see him and wished him to hire the house for her he could do so! Needless to say, she came. She stayed there for many months, and was said to have been very greatly benefited by her visit — very certainly the doctor was.

When Esterhazy arrived the great man listened to his long account of his extraordinary — and wholly imaginary — symptoms and his tale of his wandering from physician to physician throughout the length and breadth of Europe and America and what they all had said. When he had done the doctor made no remark, but told him to strip; and when Esterhazy was in full pre-Fall Adamic uniform he was stethoscoped, tapped, listened to — in fact subjected to all the usual Æsculapian antics. Then, still without making any remark, but looking very grave, the doctor told him to dress.

Poor Esterhazy now began to be really frightened by the gravity and silence so unlike the bright, quick, clever, immediate recognition of just what was the matter with him and how it could surely be cured if he would only follow carefully the advice about to be given which hitherto had so invariably followed the removal of the stethoscope or ear from his perfectly sound front or back.

'What do you think, doctor?' at length he ventured to say. 'Do you recognize what 's the matter with me?'

'I do.'

'Is it serious?'

'It could hardly be more so!'

'Good God! Will it be fatal?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Can you do nothing for me?'

'Absolutely nothing.'

'Do you know anybody you could send me to who could help me in any way?'

'Nobody.'

'Then there is no hope for me — no help for me?'

'Absolutely none.'

Poor Esterhazy was almost beside himself with terror and despair. 'Is there any name for this awful, this incurable, this fatal disease?'

'There is.'

'Might I know it?'

'You may; it is called "Doctors."'

'What?'

'Doctors. You are suffering from acute, chronic medicomania — the insatiable thirst for consulting medical men. Nothing in the world can cure you. Apart from that, you are in perfect health; but that disease will surely destroy you. I can do nothing for you except ask you to pay me and leave me, for I am very busy.'

Now Guy de Maupassant had this disease of medicomania in a very acute form. The list of the physicians he consulted would almost form a pamphlet; and unlike Esterhazy, who never

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followed the advice of any one of the men he consulted, de Maupassant carefully did exactly what each one told him, one after the other, and in very many cases the advice of one doctor was directly contrary to the advice of the preceding one. He was, for example, ordered by one doctor to stuff himself with food, told he could hardly eat too much meat, and was advised to drink tea with it. The result, of course, was terrible; poor Guy suffered agony with indigestion, and I did not add to his happiness by assuring him that to my certain knowledge the tannin in the tea turned each chop into something like a Wellington boot, leatherizing it, as it were. Then another physician told him to starve himself and to take long walks early in the morning before even looking at any kind of food.

'You see in me,' roared George Meredith to me once in the little hairdresser's shop in the High Street, Dorking, in tones so loud that he was heard through the open door across the street and startled people on the other side, 'the victim of following the mad advice of infernal fools of doctors to take exercise before eating. It has utterly destroyed me.'

Guy de Maupassant's experience of this taking long walks on an empty stomach ('Whose?' said Sydney Smith, as is duly set forth in the Chronicle of Hoary Chestnuts) was no happier than that of the bluff poseur of Box Hill. But it would be both futile and painful to continue the list of poor Guy's doctors, giving an account of the different advice they all gave, and to tell how he followed all and failed in all — these repeated failures slowly but surely helping in the breaking down of the splendid constitution which the Cyprian Sea was for ever sapping.

But there was yet another factor in the acceleration of de Maupassant's physical decay — a small one in itself, no doubt; but as one knows, a mere feather may decide the incline of the already weighted beam. I do not certainly want to be deemed unkind, but I must in all honesty chronicle the fact that I always found poor de Maupassant very much worse after any visit from Henry James. I knew James very well; knew him first of all in Paris when he lived in the Rue de Luxembourg and long before he ever came to England; stayed with him for a fortnight at Étretat; knew him in De Vere Gardens; knew him over the Reform Club.

I never went to Rye, although he often invited me down there. I most assuredly have no wish to be considered ungenerous, but I think his most ardent admirer would not deny that the companionship of the author of *Roderick Hudson* could hardly be termed exhilarating — not Ruinart's Black Label; and I feel sure that for a highly strung, very clever, very nervous man like de Maupassant — as susceptible to external influences as an æolian harp — the presence, even if mute, of Henry James — the brow — that special massive brow built only in Boston, the lifeless eyes, the solemnity — was harmful: and if vocal — the metallic voice from which the native twang had been so successfully and mercifully hammered out as to have deprived it of all life and resonance, conveying platitudes heavily garbed to represent profound paradoxes, molluscs presented as grasshoppers, very harmful.

Henry James, like not a few of his fellow countrymen, had early in life swallowed himself; and so, as often happens in such cases, he found himself compelled to dedicate the rest of his existence, not only to the task of digesting what he has swallowed, but to hiding from the outer world the ceaseless dyspepsia with which he had endowed himself by his autophagism.

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James never really lived; he had no actual vital experience at all: he had an adequate fortune without putting pen to paper (this he told himself), and was blessed with an utter absence of passions. Everything he wrote was carefully manufactured behind that massive brow. Of course, he had no intention to deceive; for he was essentially an honest man and a gentleman — but it was the Chicago system all the same; and when he solemnly presented you with a tin — say, labelled 'Love' — and (until experience taught you) you eagerly opened it, you found it contained only potted James.

And lacking passion, he naturally lacked humor — every kind of humor, even the sardonic; and what made the complete absence of this endowment all the more manifest was his utter inability to recognize its presence when by any accident it happened to light upon him for a passing moment. Thus I heard him gravely assure Mr. Charles Dickens, at that time secretary to Sir George Alexander (it was during the short run of that outrageous rubbish, *Guy Domville*), that his father, the creator of Pickwick, Podsnap, Pecksniff, and other immortals, was utterly devoid of all sense of real humor! Incredible, but true; and many heard him.

Now, I have always thought that people who live draped in their native town, as it were, should never fly far from their nest; that, say, the man buttoned up to his neck in Piccadilly runs the risk of becoming a bore if he wanders far from Hyde Park Corner. De Maupassant had no possible use for James; did n't like him; knew nothing about him. Why James came to him I never could understand. It was cruel to plaster a poor quivering Paphian Parisian like Guy — a Cyprian Champs Élysées cavalier — with a thick layer of undiluted Boston, Beacon Street, and Bunker Hill. Emerson is splendid tipple; very, very good; personally I am very fond of it — can drink tumblers of it; but it does not mix well with Boule de Suif.

But to resume: it may, of course, be all imagination or mere coincidence; but I most gravely repeat and truly chronicle the fact that, directly after seeing Henry James, Guy de Maupassant always became much more ill.

But speaking of people who carry their town about with them, gowned in it, as it were, I knew never a more striking example of this than Guy himself; he was wrapped up, enveloped in, his beloved Paris to the very chin, and moreover was chauvin to the core. He was never tired of impressing on you the fact that France (and chiefly, of course, Paris) led the way in everything; not only in art, fashion, pleasure, civilization, but in science also — in fact in everything; the rest of the world simply imitated, followed, or developed. He earnestly assured me — as if I cared! — that Lavoisier, not Priestley, was the only discoverer of oxygen; Lamarck, not Darwin, the original author of the theory of the descent of man; and so on in everything. England, it 's true, produced good tailors, Shakespeare, pale ale, fine rowing-men (Guy was passionately fond of rowing), but not much else — ah, yes, '*le rosbif*,' which, as I have already said, some of his innumerable doctors were compelling him to swallow by shovelfuls. He would rattle on in his silly boyish way for hours, half in earnest and half in jest, but invariably assuming the rôle of a blasé cynic, whereas, as a matter of fact, no more simple-hearted, guileless, ingenuous man ever lived. He who would have died of starvation rather than take a roasted chestnut not his property, with childlike pomposity said to Dumas fils: '*Croyez moi, mon cher, les quatre points*

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cardinaux de l'honnêteté sont bornés par une pièce de cent sous.'

About the time I first made the acquaintance of de Maupassant it was a silly custom much in vogue in Paris to talk and write thieves' argot (oddly enough, the two greatest adepts in it I ever knew were not Frenchmen but both fellow countrymen of mine — the Duke of Edinburgh and Sackville West, afterward Lord Sackville, and at that time at our Embassy with Lord Lyons), and I shall never forget one morning when I came to breakfast with Guy and found him still writing, and he turned round to me and said with a good-natured grin on his handsome face: '*Ah, dites donc vous tout de même: vous n'allez pas faire travailler la claquette, n'est ce pas? C'est pas le moment et j'ai pas envie de vous écouter jaspiner!*'

That was all right, but I scored against him later on when he wanted me to stay with him after breakfast and I insisted on going to the races (it was a Sunday, and I had a horse running) and said, dropping into the Quartier Mouffetard snarl as he had done: '*Ça vous étonne? Ça se voit à votre fiole! Allons! faites pas de chichis et causons en aminches, en camaros.*' Very silly, very idiotic even, but amusing enough in these days.

I remember seeing a letter from the late King Edward, dated about that time, to a very beautiful and very *grande dame*, which ended, '*Adieu, ma vieille bique. Je te serre la pince.*' Hardly a document to be preserved in the national archives, but still very significant of the delightful personality of the writer.

Speaking of King Edward reminds me that de Maupassant had one rare and very delightful gift in common with His Majesty — a faculty for saying nice and most pleasing things to you without, of course, the least taint of flattery; not the '*Melliti verborum globuli*' of Petronius, but an almost magical way of warming you with words — a gift now, I think, possessed only (at least so far as I know) by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

Speaking of grandees and thieves reminds me of a curious experience I had with Guy de Maupassant. One of the most charming members of that altogether delightful family of Rothschild then in Paris, and one of the most intimately known to me, was Baron Adolphe. He was not friendly with the others, his cousins, — the cause of the coldness was absolutely puerile, — and he used often to say to me with a smile, 'Well, and what wicked thing has Gustave or Alphonse been saying about me?' Both his daughters married Christians, — one the Prince de Wagram and the other the Duc de Grammont, — and his palace in the Rue Monceau was almost more stuffed with priceless works of art than that of either Baron Alphonse in Talleyrand's old house in the Rue St. Florentin or that of Baron Gustave in the Avenue Matignon. Well, one day he was robbed, and a few weeks later, meeting him in the Champs Élysées, he told me of a wonderful private detective he had employed, and how cleverly the stolen property had been recovered. 'Stroebl,' said the Baron laughing — that was the detective's name — 'is like a character out of Balzac. Your friend de Maupassant ought to know him.'

I told Guy, and of course he was delighted; and as we had already arranged to pass a night among the thieves (an odd pastime much in vogue just then — Sackville West went several times, as did Paul Demidoff and many others), and as we thought we might get a few useful hints for our projected trip from the *fin limier* so highly recommended by Baron Adolphe, we went after him without delay. He lived far away, in

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the Rue de la Cerisaie, a street in the Bastille quarter at the top of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and while we were looking for a *sapin* to take us there, de Maupassant, who was standing in the middle of the street in one of his dreamy fits, was nearly knocked down by a wild-looking woman on a bicycle tearing along at breakneck speed.

'One of the foolish virgins, doubtless after more oil,' was all he said as I brushed the dirt from his shoulders.

We had decided that his name should not be mentioned, so when we got to the man's house (a very old but commodious one that had evidently in former days been the residence of some family of social importance), and, directed by the concierge, had crossed an old-fashioned courtyard ornamented with a waterless fountain, and after mounting two flights of stairs had rung at the door to the left, I simply sent in my card, adding that I was recommended by M. le Baron Adolphe de Rothschild and was accompanied by a friend. We were received at once by the sleuthhound, a small, pale, delicate-looking man of about sixty, evidently a Jew, wearing a closely cut pepper-and-salt-colored beard.

I introduced Guy as M. Bel Ami, a provincial journalist anxious to see Paris, and Herr Stroebl (for I could see at a glance he was a German; in fact I think the Baron had told me so) brought us into his inner sanctum, which at the first glance looked more like a workshop than a place for meditation, pieces of paper, wood-shavings, tinsel, pasteboard, and other rubbish lying about the floor in all directions, while the presence of a gluepot on the table, a lathe in the window, and carpenters' tools on the sofa seemed to indicate that the little room had lately been the theatre of active manual if not of profound intellectual labor.

The man explained, with an apologetic smile, as he handed us chairs, and after having called out 'Less noise, my darlings!' to children chattering in the next room: 'As business is rather slack just now, I've been amusing myself making Christmas toys for my children.'

'Have you many?'

'No, only eight!' he said gravely and regretfully.

'You seem fond of children,' said Guy, who, like myself, was passionately fond of them.

'I am, Monsieur, and very naturally so when you consider my profession.'

De Maupassant looked surprised. 'How, why?'

'Did Monsieur ever see *La Jolie parfumeuse*? Théo was charming in it!'

Guy nodded.

'Then Monsieur must remember how the most obnoxious and unpleasant smell became delightful to the man tired of the never-ending recurrence of sweet perfumes, and how he actually smelled with rapturous delight the muzzle of a pistol that had just been fired?'

'I remember,' said Guy laughing.

'Well, Monsieur, my profession has led me during the last forty years — for I began as a detective in Vienna when I was only fourteen — into almost every centre and hotbed of vice and crime in Europe, and the effect of having inhaled such a nauseating atmosphere for so long is to make me peculiarly susceptible to the charms of innocence and childhood.'

'I understand,' said de Maupassant; 'it 's like a simple piece of beef and glass of water to a man surfeited with truffles and Yquem.'

'*Parfaitement.* Now in what way can I be of service to you gentlemen?'

I explained that we wanted to pay a visit to the underworld, as so many people were doing just then.

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'Nothing easier,' said the man.

'When?'

'You must have notice before, I suppose,' said Guy.

'Not at all; to-night, if you like.'

We happened to be both disengaged, so that was all right.

'I 'm engaged myself, unfortunately,' explained the man, 'but I'll send you a guide you can rely on. Only you two gentlemen, I suppose?'

I nodded.

'That will be three in all; quite a large enough party if you want to avoid arousing suspicion and putting those fellows on their guard. You want to see them in their natural state, I suppose, and converse with them familiarly?'

'Of course.'

'Then three is quite enough. Pray follow my advice. Put on shabby clothes and soil your hands and face; take no weapons with you, but fill your pockets with loose change and cigarettes. You must hobnob with them; treat them as equals; for the clever ones — who, of course, are the only ones worth knowing — are very proud. They'll take you for detectives at first and be reticent, although they won't know by sight the man I shall send with you. But be very nice to them; give them plenty to drink; and by degrees they'll get to have a better opinion of you and take one of you for perhaps an English pickpocket *en vacances;* or perhaps even for a forger or bank robber.'

De Maupassant was delighted.

'You don't mind, I suppose,' continued the man, 'telling a few harmless fibs just for the sake of increasing the fun, do you?'

We shook our heads.

'Then when you've got them drunk you might whisper some criminal confidences in their ears — recall some imaginary exploits of your own; confidence will beget confidence and you will hear some amusing stories!'

What a splendid idea! The man was a positive genius.

'Then there's another thing,' continued Stroebl, 'but it's only a trivial matter, a momentary inconvenience. They may want to kiss you.'

This was startling, but Maupassant was equal to it. 'Well,' he said, 'why not? Some of the women are pretty, I suppose?'

The man smiled. 'Some,' he said, 'but I'm not speaking of the women only.'

'Good Lord,' I exclaimed, horror-stricken.

'You don't mean to say the men will want to kiss us?'

'More than likely they will,' replied Stroebl calmly, 'when drunk and friendly. It means nothing, you know.'

Then I remembered my argot. 'Just *en aminches, en camaros,*' I said.

The man looked surprised, but merely replied, '*Parfaitement.*'

And so it was arranged. Our guide, dressed as a workingman, was to meet us at midnight on the steps of St. Eustache.

'His name is Aristide. He will be dressed as a workingman, but he will find you. You need n't try to discover him, or look about, or speak to anyone. On the stroke of midnight he'll be there; and it's not far from the Quartier Mouffetard where you'll be going. Give my man five louis when you've done with him. That will be quite enough. But above all things, if you want to be amused, be pleasant and familiar with everybody. Be generous with your drinks and cigarettes, for they'll naturally fight shy of you at first and until you've got them drunk; and they're all great cigarette-smokers.'

'How much money ought we to take with us?' I asked.

'Fifty francs each is quite enough, but all in the smallest change. Buy your cigarettes beforehand and take

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them with you. They won't any of them ask you for money, and the drinks are all cheap. Some of them will want to stand you drinks, and of course you must n't refuse.'

'*C'est entendu.*'

That evening Guy and I dined alone together in a *Cabinet particulier* at Magny's in the Rue Contrescarpe; then hid ourselves at the back of an *avant scène* at the Odéon, where we yawned through a dreary drama in verse by Porto Riche.

When we got back to de Maupassant's apartment we found the trusty François had already made some preparation for our midnight toilet by destroying and tearing two of his master's shirts, which, however, Guy, finding them far too clean, kicked about the floor for a few minutes and then finally rubbed them in the fireplace. In a few minutes we had undressed and dressed, de Maupassant undertaking to see that our coiffures should be in keeping with the rest, a promise which he kept by messing his hair and mine about until we looked as if a brush had never been within our reach. Then de Maupassant declared we must wash our hands and faces in the gutter. I protested; but as he insisted, we did so — covered our faces and hands with mud.

'*C'est parfait,*' he exclaimed. 'Now, *en avant, marchons!*'

So off we tramped on foot to St. Eustache, for we did n't care to risk taking a cab or even going in an omnibus in our filthy condition.

We were punctual, and so was the man — a good-natured-looking young fellow dressed as a workingman, in a black-calico blouse and the traditional *casquette à trois ponts*. He seemed to recognize us as if by instinct through all our mud and rags, and approaching us said in a low tone a thing so incredibly absurd that it was a miracle I and my friend did not burst out laughing.

'*Vous êtes les amis de M. le Baron de Rothschild?*'

Could anything more divinely ludicrous be conceived than the name of a Rothschild being used as an open sesame to the underworld of Paris? The man was what I may call a '*bon zig,*' and in a few minutes we were all three excellent friends, and the plan of campaign was decided on: I was to be called Jack and be a London pickpocket over in Paris to see if there was anything in my line of business to be done, and de Maupassant was to be a clerk from a bank in the Midi who had made mistakes in accounts to his own advantage and so came to Paris and disguised himself as a rough to avoid detection. At the man's suggestion I gave him five francs in coppers so that he might begin treating the mixed company we were about to meet, and then we started to walk in the direction of the Halles Centrales.

'I'll initiate you by degrees,' explained the man. 'If I took you at once to some of the places we shall eventually visit before daylight, it might upset you. I'm about the best person M. Stroebl could have chosen to take you round, for I know all the roughs in Paris and they don't know what I am — can't make out. But I know they all like me, as I am always chummy with them, and when they get excited by drink they treat me quite *en camarade*, and as one of themselves. The last gentleman I took round in this way was a Russian Grand Duke, and he became such a favorite with the thieves that they got him drunk in two hours, and I had to carry him to a cab in my arms. You must take care not to drink too much of the horrible stuff that will be offered to you. Never refuse it, of course, but make only a pretence of drinking it and pass it on to me or anyone else. I'm used to it, and it never goes to my head, but two glasses of

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it would drive either of you two gentlemen mad.'

'What is it?' I asked.

'Oh, a little of everything, but everything of the worst, of course — beer, *petit bleu*, brandy, absinthe, but especially what they call *camphre* — not of course the camphor you get at the chemist. This mixture they call *camphre* is made, I think, with vitriol, but whatever it's made of it's terrible stuff.'

'Oh, I know all about *camphre*,' said de Maupassant. 'It is n't very nice. But I don't see what we can drink; and if we don't drink with them, how can we get to be chummy? I count on making a bosom pal of every ruffian in Paris to-night.'

'Well,' said the man, 'there is one thing, and one only, you can drink, no matter how low and horrible the place may be — that 's kirsch.'

'Oh, of course,' assented Guy, 'kirsch is always good and safe.'

It struck a quarter to one. 'We 're early,' said our guide, 'but it can't be helped. We've so much to do that if we did n't begin now we should never get through it all to-night.'

But of this night with the *voyous* of Paris I very briefly made mention in print very many years ago (without, at his special request, mentioning the name of my companion, who always intended making use of this strange experience in a novel). I will now only note that we began at a cellar called Sausserousse's under the Central Markets, where we picked up a rough named Marcel Rousselot, who was just out of prison for having attempted to kill his *bonne amie*, and whose astonishing resemblance — positively wonderful — to that very handsome old friend of mine, Horace Farquhar (at the time when he was keeping house with his chum Macduff in the house, formerly occupied by Louis Napoleon, facing the side of Devonshire House), I shall never forget. We took him with us on our travels for a time, but when at length he got hopelessly drunk we had to leave him, I saying 'Good-bye, Horace' to the handsome sleeping ruffian. We went to the 'Vieux Chêne,' where, to the delight of de Maupassant, a young hunchback and burglar recited in a piping nasal tone, but with such pathos — possibly the result of *camphre* — that the tears streamed down his cheeks:

'J'ai une fleur dans l'âme que rien ne peut flétrir;

looked in 'chez Émile,' where we joined in an uproarious chorus of which I remember only one patriotic line:

'Vous vous plaignez, Français: vous avez tort!'

called in at the 'Bibine,' where we seated ourselves with the others on a long wooden bench before an inclined trough into which hot pieces of meat, which smelled as if they had been picked up from the gutter and boiled, were thrown, everyone plunging at a morsel as it floated by in its vile gravy with a knife and fork attached to a chain; proceeded to the 'Marchand de Sommeil' s' — the 'Sleep Merchant's,' as the Paris outcasts poetically term those awful dens, the equivalent of our 'doss-houses,' where for one sou one can sit on a bench and sleep, leaning forward and resting one's head and arms on a rope drawn across the room; paid a visit to the Père Lunette's (perhaps the most awful place in those days in Paris, the favorite resort of Lacenaire, the famous assassin, and the rendezvous of the deepest-dyed criminals of the capital), where the terrible old one-eyed serving-woman showed her mutilated back for two sous to the lovers of the horrible; where every night — or rather early in the morning — in the drinking-room behind the innocent-looking front parlor of an ordinary low wine shop men and women by the score might be found half dressed, huddled together, crazy with alcohol and vitriol,

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and drinking *camphre*, which was squirted out into a glass from a syringe on which was marked the scale of prices — one sou, two sous, and so forth — so that if too much had been given the surplus could be drawn back into the tube; and from there drifted on, if possible getting lower and lower, 'far into the Country of Sorrow,' and, I fear, a long way past the 'Fountain of Tears.'

De Maupassant was very greatly impressed — and indeed who could fail to be? — by the terrible things we saw. We pretended to be gay and light-hearted, he the joyous bank thief, and I the merry pickpocket, and I am certain we acted our parts better than anyone we had seen on the stage at the Odéon that night. But it was awful, unspeakably awful; one's heart went out to them — fellow human beings — all the more the more callous and cruel they were, or seemed to be; and that night, or rather early morning, when de Maupassant said good-night to me — I slept at his place, for I could not get washed and dressed and back to the Hotel Westminster, where I was staying, at that hour — he said, his handsome eyes weighted with great sorrow: 'Do you know, I can't help feeling that I am in some way, and you too, of course, — we happy people, I mean, — responsible for all the misery of those dear people.'

It was like what — almost indeed the very words — I had heard the great Lord Shaftesbury say not many months before in London. Dear de Maupassant; he called himself one of the happy people — '*gens heureux*'! How those words came back to me, like a sneer from Mephistopheles, when I heard not so very much later of that awful final journey of my friend to the terror-haunted house in Passy.

LEARNING FROM AMERICA[1]

BY NORMAN ANGELL

A 'NEW' America — new of our generation? Certainly. One case will illustrate a social development that is general.

Thirty years ago 'Birchampton, U. S. A.' (named after a big industrial city in the British eastern Midlands), was already a sizable town, not much smaller than it is to-day. But it has seen, nevertheless, in those thirty years a true social revolution — an adaptation to the changed conditions of life in the modern world that Britain has not yet achieved, though that adaptation is even more necessary to Britain than it is to America.

Three decades ago this American town was but an unpaved main street of long narrow wooden boxes with 'false fronts'; the 'sidewalks' were of rough planks; in wintertime a buggy or wagon could only navigate thanks to the fact that Ed. Bailey, the livery-stable keeper, with great public spirit, had paved the road with his manure and waste straw.

At the best hotel, Joe, the clerk, welcomed guests in his shirt-sleeves, chewing an unlighted and macerated cigar, flourishing large diamonds on hands

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *June* 20

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and shirt-front, and punctuating his welcome with a plentiful use of the spittoon. Like most public servants of his generation, he found insolence a necessary part of personal independence, a means of impressing all and sundry with the fact that he was as good as the next man. There was no bathroom in the hotel, — though Americans of this generation won't believe it, — and an English family that once arrived with a tin bath was the subject of Joe's reminiscences until that particular wooden hotel was mercifully destroyed by fire. Typhoid, malaria, smallpox, and what the local doctor called typhomalaria were endemic, although it was considered unpatriotic even to acknowledge the existence of these things.

As to certain other social values, I heard a party of ladies at one of the annual picnics agree that Queen Victoria was an abandoned woman because she had appeared at a State ball in a low-necked dress. But part of Birchampton, and a considerable part, was a 'Chinatown' — not inhabited by Chinese at all — of 'dives' and brothels which outdid in crude depravity the worst sinks of Paris or Port Said; local government was in the hands of a camarilla of petty adventurers; verdicts in murder cases turned almost entirely on the question of the personal popularity of the accused; and the lynching party usually hanged the wrong man.

Knowing as I did in those days 'Birchampton, Eng.,' my comparisons as an English boy were so maddening to my American companions as to produce in them a deep rage and a very bitter hatred. From pavement to politics, I demonstrated quite unanswerably that the effete monarchy of Great Britain managed to produce a state of society which, alike from the point of view of material comfort, moral worth, and the general art of living, put Birchampton, U. S. A., in the Dark Ages.

Early this year I made a pious pilgrimage to this Middle Western town of certain days of my boyhood. It has grown in size, though not much. But if its size is the same, everything else has altered. The Arlington Hotel, with Joe and his cigar and diamonds and shirt-sleeves, has given place to a new Arlington, where a uniformed bellhop springs to your taxi as it drives up through the perfectly asphalted streets and carries your bag to the reception desk, where a quiet-mannered functionary, who has an uncanny capacity for addressing you by your name before he has heard it, assigns you one of the two hundred rooms, all of which have bathrooms attached to them. The room itself is small, but perfectly designed. The heating is controlled by a thermostat that keeps it at the desired temperature. There is a writing-desk provided with new pens and fresh blotting paper and the electric lamp arranged conveniently by it. On it stands the telephone, of course, giving instantaneous communication with any number in the town. A card on the table informs you that if busy you can have your meal in your room by asking over the telephone for 'room service.' Another card reading 'Do not disturb,' hung upon the door of the room, means that one is not to be bothered by chambermaids or valets. There is also an announcement that laundry sent down before ten o'clock in the morning will be returned that same day at seven in the evening. The door of the room has a device that forms a cupboard accessible by servants from the outside. A suit that needs cleaning or pressing can be placed there in the evening, and the valet takes out the clothes somewhere about midnight, irons them, and returns them at seven in the morning.

On the occasion of this particular

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visit to Birchampton, U. S. A., I had given instructions to be called at seven in the morning. At 7 A.M. the telephone rings and the clerk below announces that it is seven o'clock. I voted myself twenty minutes more in bed, but when I had been there ten minutes the telephone rang again and a pleasant feminine voice said, 'Are you up?' Wondering which of my old friends had discovered that I was in Birchampton, I replied: 'Well, as a matter of fact I am not. But who is speaking?' The feminine voice replied: 'Oh, *do* please get up.' 'Certainly, but — just why particularly? Who is speaking?' 'Why, this is the telephone clerk, and it is my business to get you out of bed, since you marked a call for seven o'clock. Do get up, or you will miss your train.' No perfunctoriness about the service at the New Arlington Hotel, Birchampton, U. S. A.

In the town are changes in the standard of comfort just as great; good restaurants of the 'cafeteria' order, where the food is cheap and perfect of its kind and where you can help yourself to it — 'self service'; several of them are open all night. Taxis are available all night.

Politically and intellectually, too, it is a new if still somewhat self-conscious Birchampton. The Women's Club, which in earlier days had regarded Queen Victoria as so scandalous a person, now has weekly lectures given largely by visiting foreigners for fees of from twenty or thirty up to fifty pounds. The local college is for girls as well as boys. The churches are organized into a union and for any social purpose act as a unit. The Chinatown of the old days is no more. The theoretically bad political system is made to work by virtue of the fact that, if things at any time reach the degree of a scandal or a nuisance, the Rotary and the Kiwanis, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Women's Club combine forces, and in fact impose the policy which they see fit.

Taking stock of all this, I did not, upon meeting the friends of thirty years before, dwell upon the superior virtues of Birchampton, Eng. For, the year previous, business had taken me to Birchampton, Eng., and the points of comparison ran in my mind. I had stayed at the best hotel in this English city of a quarter of a million inhabitants and paid as much for my room as I had at Birchampton, U. S. A. But in the English hotel bedroom there was no bathroom attached, there was no running water, there was no writing-table, there was no heat, although it was the depth of winter, no means really of ordering a meal to be sent up so that I could have it while at work. I had pressing business to arrange in the English Birchampton, but the only place where one could write letters was in a general public room, reeking of stale tobacco, with the writing-desks usually occupied — no means of spreading out one's papers and notebooks, no possibility, in other words, of quiet or comfort. I tried having a fire in my room and a table brought in, but by the time I had succeeded in finding the chambermaid who found the boots who had the coal brought in and who got the fire to burn and the room to warm, and by the time a table had been found and brought in by the manager's intervention, the morning was gone and the staff had voted me a public nuisance. The hotel boasted one wheezy telephone. It was quite impracticable to do business over it because it was in the public hall, and in case of a call the porter, who as likely as not would be busy with departing guests, would be obliged to hunt over the hotel for the person asked for. To make arrangements that would have been completed in an hour in the American Birchampton of thirty

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thousand inhabitants took two temper-trying, shivering, exasperating days in the English city nearly ten times as large.

An evening engagement had taken me into an outlying suburb, and returning at about eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, not having dined, I wanted a light meal. Not to be had in Birchampton, Eng., with its two hundred and seventy-nine thousand inhabitants. The hotel restaurant was closed. Beer and whiskey the city would provide in plenty; but no food. Not a single restaurant so far as I could discover was open. On subsequent visits to the city I found that the only food that I could count on getting at such an hour was 'fried chips' from a stall, out of a paper bag, in the market place. Nor could I discover that this very frugal night-fare was compensated for in Birchampton, Eng., by a high thinking to which Birchampton, U. S. A., did not attain. I could not gather that the Women's Club in our Birchampton ever paid a visiting foreigner thirty or forty or fifty pounds to talk to it; nor, indeed, that the city had a women's club; nor that the youth of all classes alike went to college; nor that the citizens were better organized outside politics for the better social governance of their community.

It will be said that all these things are external and trivial, that bathrooms and running water, telephones, habitable hotel-rooms, decent restaurants, and elaborate mechanical conveniences do not make up civilization or 'the good life.' I am not urging that they do. I am merely calling attention to the fact that the good life for a country in the position of Great Britain, dependent to the extent of half its population on a highly organized industry and commerce, cannot be achieved without them. They are not all-sufficient, but they are indispensable. For good or ill, the prompt and efficient management of life in the Western world of to-day demands an infinite number of adjustments for which an apparatus of post and telegraphs and railways, telephones, typewriters, labor-saving devices, are necessary. The country's daily business — its industry, commerce, government, instruction — is made up of that multitude of arrangements and adjustments to which all this apparatus is necessary.

In this short period of thirty years the English city, from being much in advance of the American, has fallen much behind. The ease and efficiency of English life is hampered by the absence of those things in which we were the pioneers and about which we used to boast, so that to-day the English worker who lives by industry uses less than two thirds of the mechanical power that the American worker manages to direct. In an age of machinery that difference is fatal.

What is the cause of it? And what the remedy?

When it is pointed out that the horsepower used by the workman in American industry and agriculture is about four, and in Britain about two and a half, or in these proportions, the reply of the British employer is almost invariably, 'Trade-unionism.' 'American industry,' he goes on to explain, 'is not cursed with the false economics that account for so much of the trade-union restrictions in this country.'

It was just because this explanation is so common — and inadequate — that the comparisons of life in Birchampton, U. S. A., with life in the very much larger British Birchampton, made in the preceding article, dealt with such things as hotel equipment, telephones, heating, hot-water arrangements, domestic labor-saving devices, self-service restaurants open all night, middle-class organizations dealing with necessary

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political and social adjustments, and education — of the machinery, in other words, used by the administrative and employing classes in their own job of management and direction. If the chief hotel in an English industrial town of a quarter of a million has just one telephone for the whole building instead of an instrument in every room; if these rooms are unheated in winter, unprovided with a writing-table, unlit, totally unequipped in the way in which every American hotel even in the smaller Middle Western towns is equipped as a matter of course; if the apparatus of daily business is such that the commercial traveler or merchant, organizer or administrator, is compelled to expend, for a given piece of work, twice as much time and energy as he would over the same work in America, that fact is not due to any trade-union rules. The truth is that the manager or employer in Britain shows in his own department the same failure to make full use of the mechanical apparatus of modern industry that he is so ready to blame in the manual worker. Why has England, the pioneer in the use of machinery, passed over to America of high wages the vast industry of the manufacture of typewriters, cash registers, mechanical calculators, dictaphones, general office-equipment, most of the domestic labor-saving appliances, water-heating and bathroom equipment, most machine tools? 'There are good historical reasons for it,' is the usual complacent reply—'the natural ingenuity of a pioneer people, the natural conservatism of an old-established nation.'

But that brings us to another point of the comparison made in the preceding article. Many of these American developments of the last thirty years have run counter to what we are apt to call 'national character and tradition.' One was touched upon — the elimination in public servants of the aggressive swagger which used to pass for independence. When I first knew the Western and Middle Western country, such a thing as courtesy in a hotel clerk or a train conductor would have been regarded as undemocratic servility. But a decade or two ago hotel proprietors and others deliberately set out to change a national characteristic — and did it. If to-day in the Statler hotels a goodly proportion of the five hundred or thousand guests are persons and not numbers, if an elevator boy says as you step into his car, 'Good morning, Mr. Jones,' it is not because it is 'natural' for American elevator boys to know the names of guests, but because elaborate pains have been taken to teach them how to know names and how to remember them. And the education, of course, has included the guests. There have been 'Courtesy Weeks' in the past, just as there have been 'Thrift Weeks,' 'Clean the Town Weeks,' 'Eat an Apple Week,' and 'Better Babies Week.' It has its ridiculous side, of course, and even its insincere side, and it is well from the American point of view that the Sinclair Lewises and the Menckens should bring out that side. But our business surely is to take note of the other side, the fact that the Americans are making the discovery that these national characteristics can be modified by conscious collective effort and that part of the fight for the subjugation of nature is a better direction of the forces of human nature.

And that brings us to the fundamental difference between American and English society, the difference of which we should take particular cognizance at this juncture of our history. A very deep-seated tendency with us is to look upon the way in which society may work in a given particular as a natural growth over which the individual members composing the society

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have no real control; to regard those ways as being as much a part of nature as the climate and the green grass. The American looks upon society as a thing consciously made by the units which compose it; made by written constitutions, by consciously devised plans — 'a manufacture, not a growth,' to invert the Spencerian dictum. And if in a given particular the machine works badly, the American's first impulse is to change it, to make consciously some alteration, to do with it what he would do with his motor-car if it did not work; not to accept the thing as unchangeable. 'Traditions' are no exception. 'It is the tradition of this university,' I once read in the publication of a Western educational institution, 'that only the faculty may use the gravel path across the campus. This tradition will begin on Monday next.'

Neither the machine view nor the plant view of society is, of course, completely true; but the former view belongs to that order of truths that become true by the mere fact of being believed so to be. Just because each individual has a general feeling that he can make the kind of community that he wants, can alter things, there is, by virtue of that widespread belief, sufficient unity of collective effort to bring the change about.

In some respects, we are better situated to use certain of the instruments which the Americans commonly employ. The instrument of publicity is one. Americans have realized that advertising can be used to better ends than the selling of soaps and cigarettes; that through its means a national habit can be changed, a tendency checked, reform brought about. The instrument is easier for us to manipulate because the whole of England, or Britain even, can be covered more easily from a single centre than is the case in America. Our press is a better-disciplined press, and is, incidentally, a better press. Our educational system too is capable of greater unity of direction — perhaps unfortunately.

The limits of space forbid more than an instance here and there of the way in which the habit of routine prevents the seizing of opportunity that might help Britain in this time of need, economic and other. Here is one such instance. It is quite evident that the tourist traffic from America might be multiplied very many times. It is now not merely the rich Americans who are acquiring the habit of visiting Europe, but every 'schoolma'am,' the very typewriter girls. But if the tales of discomfort in British provincial hotels, of inattention, discourtesy, and overcharging become common, that flood will be diverted to Paris or to American resorts. Those who habitually stay at Ritz or Carlton hotels are provided for; but the hundreds of thousands of Americans of moderate means who have become accustomed to the comforts described in my previous article simply will not put up a second time with hand basins instead of a bathroom, with comfortless unheated rooms, with the failure to get food at any but strictly stated hours — with, in fact, the average English provincial hotel. We have now the opportunity of building up an industry which is peculiarly adapted to correcting the adverse American exchange balance; but there do not seem to be many signs that this opportunity is being seized.

A second instance of a habit of routine that needs to be corrected goes deeper than the one just given. No country in the world can suffer so much from fallacious economic ideas on the part of its people as can this country. And our tendency to fall into certain specious fallacies is not confined to trade-unionists. We all know that the great mass of our people show often an

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ignorance of the simplest economic truth. And there is nothing surprising in the fact. For while we regard it as indispensable to give to every child born in the country a certain minimum of instruction about the commonplaces of history and geography, while we deem it indispensable to teach it the names of the county towns of Great Britain, the date at which William the Conqueror came, the number of King Henry VIII's wives, the fact that the earth rotates on its axis, we have thought it quite unnecessary to give it any instruction at all about certain things that will touch its daily life far more nearly — as, for instance, the money in its pocket.

Thus our people know more of the mechanics of the heavenly bodies than of the social body of which they are a part. Most of our population are completely ignorant of the working of the economic and financial machine that keeps them alive. Their knowledge of that is at the flat-earth stage. Some simple notion of the function and nature of money would at least preclude the crude mercantilism which is at the bottom of half the fallacies of Protectionism and the notions of national commercial rivalry that now curse Europe. For voters to believe that the earth is flat and that the sun goes round it would do no particular harm. For voters to believe that all economic legislation should aim mainly at 'keeping money in the country,' and that the prosperity of foreigners is fatal to our own, is to expose us to deadly economic danger. Our educational commonplaces are still those of the time when it was felt that the economic notions of the 'lower orders' had no importance. The English employer complains that the workers lack the initiative and ingenuity possessed by the American workers. Perhaps the circumstances of American life have developed these qualities. We must do in an organized and conscious way what has been done for America spontaneously by its circumstances.

To encourage or to acquiesce in conservatism in the wrong place is to do ill service even to conservatism. The chief lesson of the new America is that when a national characteristic has reached the point of standing in the way of national welfare that characteristic need not be accepted as ordained of Heaven; that it can be changed, if only we are convinced of the need and set about the task in the right fashion.

A CHILD'S SONG

BY ROBERT FINCH

[*Canadian Forum*]

A WATER-LILY is a star
Fallen where the fishes are:
By day they chat about its stem,
At night it is a lamp for them,
And would it not be sad if some
Poor little fish came wandering home
And could not see his lily shine?—
I do not wish one lily mine!

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NANA SAHIB[1]

BY DENIS MACKAIL

HAVE no fear. This story is not going to be an Anglo-Indian one. No khidmatgars, syces, or dak bungalows shall intrude on its pages to fill you with doubts as to their meaning or pronunciation. Nor has it anything to do — except in the most distant and allusive manner — with the bloodthirsty fanatic who was responsible for the massacre at Cawnpore. The time — we may confess it at once — is the present; the scene, London.

Stalwart Keith Holland met beautiful Clare Parkinson at a dance in South Kensington. He said to her: 'Would it upset you if I were to call you Clare?' She said to him: 'Oh — Keith!' The consequences were that they became engaged; and the world said: 'Dash it! This means another wedding present.'

At this point it looks, for a moment, as though the story was over already. But if you detach your intelligence from the pages of romance and apply it once more to real life you will perceive instantly that it had only just begun. In real life that is about as much as most stories ever do.

Keith was a barrister with a steady income and good prospects. Clare's father was rich, and after dinner he was sometimes generous. There was no reason why the marriage should not take place at the end of the same season; and take place it did. The organ played, the choir boys sang, the bride's mother wept, and the reflex cameras in the street outside went off like one o'clock. Later in the afternoon the two principals took their places in a reserved compartment on the continental boat-train, and for six weeks they lived in a paradise that obligingly followed them about wherever they went.

Then they returned to London and moved into the nice little, new little nonbasement house that they had bought for themselves. Parquet floors it had, and white tiles in the kitchen, and h. and c. in every bedroom, and telephone extensions wherever one turned. Its owners were so fond of each other and of it that they chose the carpets and curtains together; and every day when they left it to go respectively to the Temple and the shops they would cross the road and gaze up at their own windows in a mixture of pride and wonder. No one, it seemed to them, could possibly have such a delightful home as theirs — or such an entrancing companion to share it with.

All the world, we are told, loves a lover, and even their servants were kind to them. Clare's weekly books were four times those of any other householder in the street, but as she never knew it and could, moreover, well afford it, no shadow ever crossed her dealings with her staff.

'I always heard that young married people had such trouble with their maids,' she said to Keith one day. 'And even mother is always having difficulties. But I've never even had a cross look from one of ours.'

'As if anyone could ever give *you*

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *May*

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a cross look, darling!' said Keith. And they embraced each other passionately.

Time flew in the little nonbasement house. Soon it was winter, but with electric stoves in every room Clare and Keith could laugh at the cold outside. Then it was spring, and it was noticeable that they both took to slinking off to the large empty room on the second floor and staring at it in a thoughtful and foolish manner. One day Clare had iron bars fixed outside the windows, and another day Keith contrived to smuggle a rocking-horse up there.

Yet, though they had taken Time well by the forelock in these two directions, there was another in which they were letting him slip past them. They had not yet provided themselves with the child's nurse.

It was n't that either of them had overlooked this necessity, for almost every evening when he returned from his chambers Keith would ask: 'Well? Have you found one you like yet?' But, though Clare was perpetually cutting advertisements out of newspapers and telephoning to registry offices and discussing the matter with every friend that she met, the fact remained that the position still was unfilled. Either the applicants were too old and would obviously be ignorant of the latest developments of nursery science and hygiene, or they were too young and would equally clearly drop the baby on the floor, or else they were too ugly. Clare and Keith were entirely at one on this last point. Nothing was more important than that a child's first surroundings should be beautiful. 'What would be the use,' they asked, 'of giving it such a perfect nursery, and in such a perfect house, if it spent nearly all its time with a hideous nurse?'

And so the applicants continued to come and go in an almost constant stream, and still Keith's daily inquiry was met with the same negative.

Then one day — only a fortnight before the child was due to appear — the negative gave place to an affirmative.

'She really seems a splendid woman,' said Clare. 'Plenty of experience, and the most wonderful character, but she says she's only thirty, and she seems as strong as a horse. I've engaged her.'

'But does she *look* like a horse?' asked Keith doubtfully.

'Oh, no. Strictly speaking, I agree that she's not beautiful. But she's really got the most delightful expression. I'm quite certain that she's a really nice woman.'

'Well,' said Keith, 'I'm glad it's settled, anyhow. And did you show her the nursery?'

'Yes,' said Clare. 'She thought it was perfect. And she simply fell in love with that little sink on the landing.'

Keith smiled happily on hearing of this curious state of the new nurse's affections. The little sink had been his own idea.

'Did you see about the perambulator?' he asked presently.

'Yes,' said Clare, 'I got the one with the pneumatic tires, after all. And they're painting it to match the pattern we chose, and they'll keep it till we want it.'

'Splendid!' said Keith. And to show his appreciation of all that his wife had done, was doing, and had yet to do, he got up from his seat at the dinner-table and came round and kissed her.

'Darling!' murmured Clare.

They spent the rest of the evening discussing their son's future profession.

Then there came a day when Keith rang up his clerk and told him that he would n't be coming down to his chambers. And when he had done

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this he sat alone in the dining-room thinking of all the possible and impossible horrors of which he had ever heard, and straining his ears to catch any sound that might reach them from upstairs. He had run out of tobacco the night before, and did n't dare to leave the house now in case he should be wanted to go on errands; but he sucked and blew endlessly at his empty pipe, and several times went so far as to strike a match before he remembered its emptiness.

Several times, also, he groaned aloud, and twice he swore as he had not sworn since his days in the army.

Then at last the dining-room door opened.

'Oh, here you are,' said Clare's mother. 'I've been wondering where you were.'

'Is it — Is she — ?' gasped Keith hoarsely.

'It's a girl,' said Mrs. Parkinson.

'Yes, yes, I know that,' stammered Keith wildly, though it was quite obvious that he had known nothing of the sort. 'But Clare. How's Clare?'

'She's had a bad time,' said Mrs. Parkinson — and to Keith's tortured mind there was a horrible sound of satisfaction in her voice. 'But she's better now. She wants to see you — just for a minute.'

She had to shout these last four words after her son-in-law, for already he was halfway out of the room.

'Never again,' he was muttering as he stumbled up the stairs; 'whatever happens, I never can face this again.'

This, of course, is a sentiment which in similar circumstances has been felt and expressed by ninety-nine fathers out of every hundred, yet for all that the population of the world continues to grow. But in this case Keith's vehement declaration was to find unexpected support from the medical profession. Clare's 'time' had been about as bad as a 'time' can be, and there must — so the profession said — be no talk of repeating the experience for a considerable number of years, if at all. Oh, yes, Mrs. Holland would certainly recover; she would, in all probability, be quite herself again in a very few months, but —

'That's quite all right,' Keith interrupted the profession; 'there's not the faintest intention of running any more risks like that; I absolutely understand what you're saying.'

'All the same, it is my duty to impress on you —'

'But, good Lord,' shouted Keith, 'you don't need to go on like that! Dash it all, do you take me for a dashed murderer?'

The medical profession had allowed itself to be convinced. Gradually, and at great expense, it withdrew from the family circle. The threat of tragedy, which had hovered over the non-basement house for many days, faded away also. Clare began to laugh again, Keith to sleep at nights. As for the baby, in the words of the monthly nurse, it was a 'fair tiger.'

About six weeks after the day when Keith had stayed away from his chambers, he returned home one evening, and, as had become his habit, tiptoed into the nursery to gaze at his daughter.

To his surprise he found her in the arms of a stranger, a rather thin, middle-aged woman dressed in a stiff white costume, but with no cap, coif, or other decoration on her head. As Keith hesitated in the doorway she turned toward him, and he was struck at once by the unfriendly look on her face.

'Er —' he began.

''Sh!' said the stranger. 'I'm just getting baby off.'

Off where? Keith was puzzled; also slightly annoyed.

'But —' he tried again.

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'Now, please, Mr. Holland,' interrupted the stranger; 'I can't have you in my nursery unless you keep quiet.'

Her nursery? And yet she seemed to know his name. Then this must be — But no; Clare had particularly said what a delightful expression the new nurse had. Without realizing how he had already surrendered the first of his rights, Keith turned quickly away and ran down to his wife's bedroom.

'Darling,' he said, 'there's a strange woman upstairs with the baby. Who is she?'

'Did n't I tell you?' asked Clare. 'It's the new nurse.'

'But I thought —' Keith began. And then he checked himself. Whatever he did, he must n't give Clare anything to worry about. 'Oh, of course,' he finished more quietly. 'How stupid of me. Is she — is she here for good now?'

'Yes,' said Clare. 'She came in this morning. Oh, and that reminds me,' she added, 'she says she does n't like those pneumatic tires on the perambulator.'

'But why not? Did n't you tell her they're the latest thing?'

'Yes, but she says she does n't understand them. And besides, she does n't think she'd ever have time to blow them up.'

'Oh, but — '

'And so I thought perhaps you'd be an angel, darling, and take the pram round to-morrow morning and get them changed.'

Again Keith was on the point of protesting, for he had taken to noticing perambulators lately when out in the streets, and he had felt more than a little pride in the fact that his own possessed pneumatic tires. But when he looked at his beloved Clare his protests faded away unspoken.

'Very well, darling,' he said, 'I'll get it done first thing in the morning.'

And thus, next day, the unusual sight was beheld of a barrister starting out for his day's work wheeling a perambulator before him. And on his way home in the evening he called back at the shop and returned in the same order.

He had an uneasy feeling, though, that he would regret having given in so quickly. He told himself that although nothing could exceed the importance of securing proper care and attention for his daughter, yet, all the same, if the new nurse were to presume too far, he would have to put his foot down. He said this to himself quite a number of times — but somehow he could never quite bring himself to say it to Clare.

All these days Keith had been sleeping upstairs in what was generally known as the spare room. This apartment had never been fully commissioned, for the Hollands were singularly fortunate in their lack of provincial relatives; and though it certainly had a bed in it, it also contained a number of cabin trunks, and a heap of the less presentable wedding-presents, and Keith's old bicycle, and a kind of lay figure on which some of Clare's dresses were made. One can imagine, therefore, that he looked forward with some impatience to the departure of the trained nurse and his consequent reoccupation of his dressing-room.

Several times, indeed, he had mentioned this anticipation to his wife, and never had she done anything but show the most touching regret for the prolongation of his exile. Yet, on the evening of the day when the trained nurse at last took her final leave, Keith, returning full of hope and joy from a hard struggle in the courts and bursting carelessly into his dressing-room once more, was startled to find that a most extraordinary mistake had been made. Instead of his own things neatly re-

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placed in their old positions, he saw the baby's cot, the baby's weighing machine, and on his dressing-table a large photograph of a rural postman.

Without waiting to discover whether he had awakened the occupant of the cot or not, he dashed hurriedly in to Clare.

'I say,' he gasped, 'the baby's not ill, is it?'

'Ill?' repeated Clare. 'No, of course not.'

'Then why on earth — I mean, what — I mean, where —'

'Oh,' said Clare, as though suddenly remembering something, 'did n't I tell you? I'm so sorry, darling, but nurse says it is n't really healthy only to have the one room, and she asked if she could use your dressing-room as a night nursery.'

Keith's sense of exasperation brought him to the verge of tears.

'But,' he protested, struggling to control himself, 'do you mean to say that a baby that never gets out of bed needs two rooms?'

'I'm sure it's healthier,' said Clare.

'Well, but why could n't you give it the spare room, then? I mean —' (he had suddenly thought of an unanswerable argument) 'surely it would be far better to have both rooms on the same floor. There's nothing so draughty as a staircase.'

He waited for Clare's agreement, and it came at once.

'I know, darling,' she answered. 'And so, as soon as I can move, I'm going to change this room into the day nursery, and we'll have the old nursery for our bedroom. You see, nurse says she must have the two rooms opening out of each other.'

'B-b-but,' bleated Keith, 'what about our bathroom? Have I got to go up and down stairs every time I want a bath?'

'No, of course not, stupid. We'll use the bathroom on our own floor.'

'Do you mean the servants' bathroom?' asked Keith with a look of disgust.

'It's no worse for you than it is for them,' said Clare, calmly.

Keith muttered something inaudible.

'I beg your pardon?' asked Clare.

'I said, "Does this house belong to us or to that nurse?"'

'Don't be childish, Keith. It's not a question of the nurse at all. It's a question of our baby.'

'Oh,' said Keith rather rudely. 'Then I suppose it was the baby that said it must have two rooms and a bathroom all opening out of each other.'

Two large tears appeared in Clare's eyes.

'Oh, for the Lord's sake,' shouted Keith, 'don't do that. I'm sorry I spoke. Of course I don't mind shaving in a room full of bicycles. Of course I don't care a curse where I have my bath. It's only that —'

He broke off with an expression of fear and horror. From the dressing-room next door there had suddenly come a well-known and ominous sound.

'Ahack-ahack-ahack-ahack-ahack,' roared Miss Holland in her cot.

'You see what you've done,' said Clare. 'You've waked her up.'

'All right,' said Keith hastily. 'I'll go and tell the nurse.'

He dashed out of the room with the air of a man who is about to summon the fire brigade. The nurse's assistance was secured, and presently Miss Holland's sobs began to die down. Later in the evening Keith offered a full apology to his wife, and was given to understand that the incident would be overlooked.

'I know it's just a little inconvenient, darling,' Clare had said, 'but you don't know how difficult it is to keep a really good nurse.'

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And so, in due course, the whole rearrangement was carried out. Mr. and Mrs. Holland moved upstairs to the old nursery and the old spare room, and Mr. Potter, the builder, was had in to strip off the pretty wallpaper in the best bedroom, to cover the walls with washable distemper, and to screw up further iron bars outside the windows. It was discovered afterward that the nurse had taken advantage of his attendance to have another sink put in the bathroom and to order the construction of a number of cupboards throughout the suite. She also caused one of Mr. Potter's men to hang up photographs of her friends and relations — including the rural postman — all round the nursery, and the gayly colored pictures that Clare and Keith had provided she put away in one of the new cupboards.

Notwithstanding all this, after his agonizing experience with those two tears, Keith had kept his feelings to himself. And as a kind of penance or mortification that might bring relief to his soul, he paid a special visit to the nurse one evening and expressed the hope that she was pleased with her new quarters.

I think it was on this occasion that the nurse first made use of a form of speech which she later came to adopt whenever either of her employers addressed her. Instead of making a direct reply in the first person, she pretended that her unconscious charge was acting as a kind of interpreter, and in order to make this pretence additionally realistic she framed her message in baby language.

'Tell your daddy,' she said, 'that Nana likes her new nursery welly much. Tell him it's a lovely 'ickle nursery.'

Keith felt slightly sick. But he tried to press home his advantage.

'They really are rather convenient houses, are n't they?' he suggested.

The nurse turned Miss Holland over on to her front.

'Tell your daddy,' she crooned, 'how welly tired poor Nana gets wheeling you all the way up to the Parky-parky.'

Keith did n't quite follow this.

'The "Parky-parky"?' he repeated. 'What's that?'

'Where all the good 'ickle babies go in their prams every day,' said the nurse in a singsong voice.

'Oh, I see,' said Keith; 'you mean the Park.'

Then, suddenly, he also saw — or thought he saw — where they were getting. With a hasty excuse he backed out of the nursery and went downstairs to the drawing-room.

Though his mind was full of this fresh threat, he had no kind of intention of precipitating matters by discussing it with his wife. But it would have made no difference if he had. Clare began as soon as they had finished dinner.

'Darling,' she said, 'Mother and I went over such an attractive house this afternoon. Of course, it wants a good deal doing to it, but they're only asking six thousand for the freehold.'

'Oh,' said Keith cautiously. 'Is your mother thinking of moving, then?'

'No,' said Clare. 'But it seemed to me to be such a chance for us to live nearer the Park. You know Nana gets out so late in the mornings that sometimes Kathleen hardly has any time there at all. And it *is* so good for her.'

'She'd better start a bit sooner, then,' said Keith.

'But how can she, darling? No other nurse in London does as much as Nana does — she's often told me that; and if she's to get through her work properly, she can't possibly leave the house any earlier.'

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'Can't you get a nursery-maid?' asked Keith.

'Of course I could. But where would she sleep?'

'In my room, I suppose,' said Keith bitterly.

'Keith! You're disgusting! I won't have that kind of joke made here. It's — '

'It was n't a joke,' Keith protested heatedly. 'And in any case, whether it was a joke or not, I have n't got six thousand pounds, and if nurse is too lazy to —'

'But you could sell this — '

'I say, if nurse is too lazy to —'

'Keith! Keith! *Please* remember that we're next door to the kitchen. They'll hear every single word you say.'

'All right, then,' stormed Keith, completely losing his head. 'For heaven's sake let's move into a house where the kitchen's in the proper place, and where I can say what I think. Never mind whether I can pay for it or not. So long as you and old sour-face are happy —'

'You're not to call her that.'

'"*Nana*," then,' he substituted, with an accent intended to register withering mockery.

Clare got up from her chair and went to the door.

'When you can control yourself,' she said coldly, 'I shall be glad to see you in the drawing-room.'

Keith gripped the edge of the table, and, with a supreme effort, held his tongue. Clare shuddered theatrically, and passed from his sight.

Later in the evening, of course, there were tears followed by mutual forgiveness and embraces. And, though he was careful to avoid any actual mention of the subject, Keith felt satisfied that he had heard the last of the house near the Park. What was his surprise then, on returning from the Temple about three weeks later, to observe, nailed up over the porch of the little nonbasement house, a black-and-white board announcing to all and sundry that his home was for sale.

A sudden vertigo caused him to drop his umbrella with a crash. Then, recovering it and himself with some difficulty, he took out his latchkey and began to run.

'Look here, Clare,' he panted, as he burst into the drawing-room, 'what the devil's the meaning of this?'

'Of what?' asked his wife.

'That board. What on earth do you mean by it? Will you kindly ring up the agents now — this instant — and tell them to remove it?'

'But — '

'All right, then. I'll do it myself. Where's the directory?'

'But you can't, Keith.'

'Can't! What do you mean? Of course I can, and —'

'The house is sold.'

'Sold!' he shrieked. 'You mean to tell me that you've been and sold my house! You're mad, Clare.'

'But you said I could.'

The unfortunate barrister sank into a chair and gasped for breath.

'B-but,' he whimpered feebly, 'I did n't mean it like that. Did n't you understand that I was being sarcastic? Our house, Clare. The house we chose together. *Why?*'

'But I told you, darling,' said Clare soothingly. 'We've got to be nearer the Park. And, besides, Nana says she must have a nursery-maid.'

Keith all but foamed at the mouth.

'Go on!' he groaned. 'Get her two nursery-maids. Get her a dozen. Get her Buckingham Palace and a Rolls-Royce. And when I'm bankrupt —'

'Don't be absurd, Keith. You're getting four thousand for this house.'

'Am I?' he asked. 'Are you sure I

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have n't got to give it to — to Nana?'

Clare began to cry.

'You never think of your b-b-baby,' she said. 'You let me take all the trouble, and then just because you've got to spend a little m-money —'

'But look at the people next door. They've got three children, and yet —'

'You know the doctor said I wa-was n't to have any more,' sobbed Clare.

Keith's rage left him as suddenly as it had come. He put his arm round his wife's quivering shoulders.

'There, there,' he murmured. 'I'm sorry, Clare. I — it was a bit of a shock, I mean. But, of course, I don't want our baby never to get any fresh air. It was only —'

On the whole, though, it seemed better to leave it at that. Protected by her innocent and precious charge, Nana was, and must remain, invulnerable.

And so the little nonbasement house was handed over to a still more newly married couple, and the Hollands moved into that high, narrow, stucco-fronted residence near the Park. Fortunately, Keith's progress at the Bar continued to carry out its early promise, for there was no denying the growth in his domestic expenses. The nursery-maid — or rather, the succession of nursery-maids, for Nana quarreled with them all in turn — proved but a trifling item in the budget. The basement and stairs necessitated the addition of two further immortal — and argumentative — souls to the staff; the stucco front would need constant repainting; the drains must — so Mr. Potter said — be entirely reconstructed, and while he was about it he had better put new slates on the roof. The borough rates, also, were nearly twice what they had been in the first house.

Yet, though all these troubles could hardly be said to bring peace in their train, the threatened bankruptcy was staved off with much difficulty. Only, as he had once looked forward with impatient longing to the day of his wedding, so now did Keith count the months until the time when Nana should be replaced by a nursery governess. For, though her domination of her employers was now absolutely complete, so that they dared not even arrange their summer holiday without bowing to her wishes, the grim tyranny of Nana's manner and appearance remained as stern and relentless as ever. No matter what sacrifice she demanded, she never rewarded her victims with so much as a smile. That 'delightful expression' with which she had once charmed the inexperienced Clare had never been seen again. It was impossible now to believe that it had ever existed.

Once a year — about September usually — she would remove her yoke and indulge in a fortnight's leave of absence. These fortnights were the happiest part of Keith's life, and every night he would pray — though perhaps without that assurance that causes one's prayers to be answered — that the rural postman might be mad enough to ask her to marry him. In the wonderful freedom of the temporary nurse's interregnum he would go upstairs and play no less wonderful games with his daughter. The temporary nurse beamed on him as he crawled round the room on all fours or built fantastic erections with wooden blocks. In the warmth of her presence his whole soul would expand, and on the last night of Nana's holiday he would say to his wife: —

'Clare, darling, don't you sometimes wish that Nana were a little more like Nurse Yates?'

'You don't understand,' Clare would reply. 'Nurse Yates is a very nice

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woman, I know. But I never have a moment's real peace during these fortnights.'

'Why not?' asked Keith.

'Because it's so essential that a child should be looked after by someone who knows its whole history. If anything were to happen while Nana was away —'

'But nothing ever does happen,' said Keith, thinking again of the rural postman. 'Does it?'

'How like a man!' exclaimed Clare. 'And now, Keith, I want you to promise me something. I want you to look more pleased this time when Nana comes back. Ask her if she enjoyed her holiday. Tell her how you've missed her. You know, darling, even if she has got her little faults, she is absolutely devoted to Kathleen. If only you knew what some of the other parents have to put up with —'

'Oh, all right,' said Keith. 'As long as you don't expect me to kiss her.'

'There's no need to be vulgar,' Clare replied.

'I'm sorry, darling. I did n't mean to be. But —'

'But what?'

'Oh, never mind. It does n't matter.'

There had been five of these holiday periods now, and from all that Keith could gather from other fathers at the Club the arrival of the nursery governess must be drawing very near. True, there was the case of old Waterson, whose children's nurse had, after rearing a long series of little Watersons, been permanently promoted to the office of housekeeper. But even if the Hollands's establishment had carried such a post, there could be no question of promotion for Nana, when she already ranked higher than either her master or mistress. No, surely now, at last, the end of his and Clare's servitude must be coming. And no one could possibly say that they would not have earned it. His only dread was lest, like the prisoners who were released at the storming of the Bastille, they might have so lost their taste for liberty that they would no longer know how to use it when it came.

But this fear haunted him only in his weaker moments, when he was worn out after a hard day's litigation, or when Nana had been particularly unkind to him. And even then he soon managed to drive it away. Six years were, it was true, a big slice out of a man's life, but it was wonderful how swiftly one forgot one's troubles when the burden was lifted. Looking back now, even the war seemed to have gone in a flash.

He was careful, though, to keep his anticipations to himself — partly because of the well-known risk of tempting Fate, and partly because he knew that Clare had learned to treat the frustration of his wishes as a sure method of gaining favor with Nana. He bore her no grudge for this. He knew that she was at home all day, while he could escape to his chambers. But since it was an undeniable fact, he saw no point in being rash.

Nevertheless, as the months slipped past, he watched his wife carefully, trying to detect in her manner some foreshadowing of the end of Nana's reign. And, unless he was very much mistaken, signs of this wonderful event were there. Several times Clare had changed the subject when he had asked her where she had spent the afternoon, and on two occasions at least he had found her closeted with Nana in her bedroom, and his arrival had produced an obviously embarrassed silence. Poor girl, he realized her difficulties; he well knew the courage and determination that would be needed to give Nana the coup de grâce. And if she preferred to conceal from

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him her journeys in search of the nursery governess or her gradual attempts to let Nana know what had been decided, he would do nothing to make it harder for her. There were times when sympathy and understanding were better left unexpressed.

And then, one evening, after one or two false starts in which, we fear, Keith had not given very much assistance, Clare had suddenly taken the plunge.

'Darling,' she said, 'you remember what the doctors said after Kathleen was born. About — I mean —'

'Yes, yes,' said Keith. 'Of course I do. But you're not worrying about that still, are you? I know I wanted a son at the time. Most men do, you know. But —'

'I wanted one too,' she interrupted. 'I've always wanted one. A son who could grow up and be just like you.'

Keith reached out and took her hand.

'You're not sorry you married me, then?' he asked, a little sentimentally.

Clare put her other hand on his.

'Of course I'm not,' she said. And then, speaking more slowly: 'Keith, I — I've been to Dr. Stobart again, and he says — he says I'm ever so much stronger than I was six years ago. Keith — darling — do you understand?'

Her husband stared at her wonderingly.

'You — you mean — ?' he asked.

'Yes. Oh, Keith, would n't it be perfect if — after all this time — we had a little boy?'

Keith Holland's eyes shone. At that moment he felt that he loved Clare more than he had ever loved her in his life.

'Darling — ' he croaked hoarsely. And then the rest of his words were changed to muffled noises, as he seized her in his arms and buried his face against her soft neck.

Presently he felt her stirring.

'Yes?' he asked. 'What is it, my angel?'

'Darling,' said Clare, 'I'll tell you another wonderful thing, too.'

'What is it, my pet?'

'It's about Nana, Keith. It was she who suggested that I should go back to Dr. Stobart. And oh, Keith, I've been so terribly afraid that she would have to leave us, but now — now she says she'll stay here for good and all. Is n't it all absolutely wonderful!'

Over his wife's shoulder Keith stared out through the drawing-room windows at the high narrow houses on the other side of the street. He tried to speak, but he could only clutch her more fiercely toward him. His heart was too full for words.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

JOHN BULL'S GROUCH

ENGLAND has been disgusted for a long time with its treatment in the moving pictures. As has been explained in these columns before, the British climate, which is not good for much of anything except keeping the landscape beautifully green, is almost entirely useless for moving pictures. Consequently, most movie scenes of British life are filmed in California, where all the intricacies of a social scheme that has been a thousand years in the making are not always appreciated. Sad to say, the Hollywood producer sometimes forgets himself and permits English traffic to pass down the right side of the street. His papier-mâché Houses of Parliament are frequently placed in the wrong juxtaposition with the Abbey. His ideas of Oxford life are all too plainly colored by memories of good old Siwash, and his ideas of a lord are — well, what a moving-picture man's ideas of a lord would be.

Now your Englishman enjoys the movies — which he misguidedly called 'the pictures' — as well as any man alive. But it annoys him to see his country's sacred institutions done anything less than justice. Of late British dependence on America for its films has been receiving more and more attention, both from the British press and from Parliament itself. The *Manchester Guardian's* amusing protest, soon to be published in the *Living Age*, is only one of many such.

Germany has been on the whole more successful in the protection of her domestic industry. Under German law no American film can enter Germany unless a corresponding film is exported from Germany. In this way the German moving-picture industry, which has many artistic and technical excellencies to commend it, is kept alive, even though the German films in many cases are exported only to be scrapped.

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DIGGING UP SOME MORE ANCESTORS

ENGLISH anthropologists have been very greatly interested in the discoveries of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the United States National Museum at Broken Hill, South Africa, where in 1921 the now famous Broken Hill skull was discovered. Dr. Hrdlicka has found two parts of a human skeleton, one from the arm, the other from the skull, that may represent a type of man different from the skull previously discovered. Animal bones have also been found that have been broken in characteristic native fashion to get at the marrow. The new discoveries are to be deposited in the British Museum for study. Dr. F. A. Bather, the Keeper of Geology, commented on Dr. Hrdlicka's generosity in depositing the bones in England and expressed interest in the prospect of being able to examine them. Professor Elliot Smith points out that this is the first investigation of the cave itself by a scientific man. Hitherto the only evidence has been the interested but inexpert opinion of mining engineers and local geologists.

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LABOR CARTOONS

The Labor Woman, an English journal which, as its name implies, represents the interests of the English woman

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worker, has roused a good deal of interest in political circles of the Left with its cartoons by Paul Nash. The cartoonist has studied various phases of working-class life in England and has not fallen into the common error of confining his interest to what is ordinarily considered labor. One of his most interesting cartoons, both for its subject and its extremely modernist technique, is called 'The Office Worker,' and was reprinted, when it first appeared, by the London *Daily Herald*, which labors day and night to spread the gospel according to the Left.

THE OFFICE WORKER

[Paul Nash in *The Labour Woman*]

✽

'TOO BAD EVEN FOR THAT'

READERS who admire Mr. Lytton Strachey as a biographer will perhaps be glad that he chose to reanimate Queen Victoria in prose and not in drama, after reading criticisms of his play, *The Son of Heaven*, given at a special performance in London. The critics were for the most part united in agreeing that the occasion was all that could be desired as a social and literary afternoon of amusement, and they were little less united in thinking that the play was bad. The *Irish Statesman* goes to considerable length in animadverting upon Mr. Strachey's dramatic deficiencies: —

At the end of the first performance of Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'tragic melodrama,' *The Son of Heaven*, I heard someone say, 'It is bad enough to be successful on the London stage.' It seemed to me too bad even for that. True, it was received with enthusiasm. But it was a rather special performance and a rather special kind of audience. Half the smart element of London Society were patrons. The scene in the auditorium suggested a party. Those of us who are not persons of fashion were there as admirers of Mr. Strachey's prose work. So the atmosphere in which the performance proceeded was very pleasant, and at the end there were calls for the leading lady, and for the author, and the composer of the incidental music, and the scenic artist, and it was a most enjoyable finish to a diverting evening.

But what a play!

Though one was not unduly optimistic when his play was announced as a tragic melodrama, there was some hope that his Dowager Empress would prove to be an impressive creation. He said to an interviewer before the performance that he had tried to make her a mixture of 'all the great heroines of history, including Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots.' But alas for hopes. Mr. Strachey merely belittles her as he belittled Lady Hester Stanhope. An heroic character may indulge in trivialities even in moments of crisis, but it is made heroic by the heroic quality, and if we cannot find the heroic quality for trivialities we can only assume that it is a trivial character instead of an heroic.

Somewhat more favorable, but still unwilling to be completely captivated, is the critic of the *Outlook:* —

The semipublic performance of a play by Mr. Lytton Strachey was a first-class literary event on Monday afternoon, and the setting of scenery and costumes by Mr. Duncan Grant with incidental music composed and conducted by Mr. W. T. Walton combined to give the occasion a sealed and

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almost sacred atmosphere of elective affinity and approved intelligence.

But, just as a play, *The Son of Heaven* was a failure. And this failure was the more grievous because *China under the Empress Dowager*, that great Bland and Backhouse book from which Mr. Strachey has quarried the material for his 'tragic melodrama,' is rich in all the elements he could handle with such jolly irony, such eminently quotable comment, such malicious juxtaposition of fact, such forgivable transposition of event. But these things are too delicate to be thrown across the footlights, unless the players themselves have the delicacy and expertise of a Sacha Guitry playing his own ridiculous game in his own accomplished way.

The action of the play is laid in the Summer Palace at Peking during five days of August 1900, when the Boxer Terror was at its height. We see the melancholy Son of Heaven, deep in love with a pretty court lady, the tool, first of his awful mother, and then of the revolutionary Kang, who has come back from Europe with his head full of Occidental reforms, and we see the temporary defeat and the eventual triumph of the old Buddha herself.

Miss Gertrude Kingston made up in magnificent emulation of the 1903 photograph of the old Buddha; Tzŭ Hsi was extremely vivacious and distinct as the Empress Dowager; and Miss B. Howe made an exquisitely frail and tender little lady of Ta-He, the young Emperor's mistress; but the rest of the cast, though many of them did creditable work, lacked the experience which might have carried the beauties of the dialogue from literary to dramatic excellence. Why does n't someone persuade Mr. Strachey to turn *The Son of Heaven* into a novel? . . . and to make more, very much more, of the Lady Ling who had been to London, and of the American woman who was led to believe that purple was the old Buddha's favorite color?

♣

THE GRAVE OF RUPERT BROOKE

A RECENT number of the London *Spectator* contains an article on the grave of Rupert Brooke. A romantic interest attached to the name of Brooke because of his tragic death at a time when everybody was romantic. To-day the quality of his verse is all that remains to make him interesting to a world that has learned to distrust romance of the 1914–1915 brand. And yet it is interesting to revisit once again the Island of Skyros, from which the captains departed when the Armistice was signed and from which all the kings have been centuries absent.

'So we go on, by rocky paths among thorny shrubs, over Mount Kokhila and down to the sea again; along the shore of the bay where the ships used to anchor in the days when Rupert Brooke served in these seas — a bay with deep waters inside, but having a barren islet set at its mouth, whose feet, planted in the sea, touch the shores of Skyros, leaving only one narrow channel navigable to ships of a modern fleet.

'Up from the shore there runs a glen, rocky and difficult of passage: along it one day they bore the poet; and again along it, when the war was done, they laboriously carried the marble for his tomb, making a pathway for the bringing of the blocks. We walk along it through thorny bushes, and enter an olive grove; and suddenly in front of us appears a level spot, bright green below with grass, and above grayish with olives; while the centre is gleaming white marble. It is the place: nor, for the poet's tomb, could any other place have been chosen. Here all is peace; only goats wander round the tomb and crop the grass; a solitary goatherd watches them, left behind when the others departed to the carnival. He regards the tomb, with its engraven words of classical Greek, with a dull curiosity, and soon, having eaten from his simple scrip, falls asleep. The sun strikes through the branches of the olives and lights upon the tomb.

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Planted in the ground at the foot of the marble monument is the rude wooden cross that first marked the grave. All round are anemones of varied hues, drooping their heads among the grass, ever multiplying their ranks and forming a fair carpet round the grave:—

We found you pale and quiet, and strangely
crowned with flowers,
Lovely and secret as a child . . . '

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SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, AND WILDE

THE *New Statesman* is mildly surprised at the extent of Oscar Wilde's renown abroad, as we see from the following note: —

Very few English people realize even now the height to which the reputation of Oscar Wilde has towered on the Continent. Such a thing seems incredible to us. Since Byron, Oscar Wilde is the only English writer who has loomed in colossal proportions before them. For them the great English artists are Shakespeare, Byron, and Wilde! It is hard not to suppose that the scandal connected with the last two has had something to do with this astounding estimate, and that there must be Anglophobia behind such a grotesque valuation: 'England had two great artists in the nineteenth century; she hounded them both out of the country.' Yet this is not sufficient to account for it. A German would properly protest against our summing-up of German literature as — Goethe, Heine; but it is hard for us to believe that we are very far out in our estimate of the latter. The veil of a foreign language hangs between us, lending mystery to a commonplace and significance to a sentimental lilt, just as in translation the clichés of Byron appear imaginative and the lack of melodious magic in his verses is unnoticed by the inevitably horny foreign ear. But how very thick that veil must be for Oscar Wilde to pass abroad as a great poet! True, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* is a fine poem, but to us its shortcomings are as obvious as its borrowings are familiar.

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BACK FROM HUNGARY

A BIT of literary gossip that will interest those people who like to know all about the comings and goings of the great, and also of the literary, is that Canon Hannay is back from Hungary. The Canon is also the English novelist George A. Birmingham, who has been Chaplain of the English Community in Budapest since 1922 — a unique opportunity for a novelist, which Canon Hannay has so far put to no better use than writing a travel book about Hungary. But then it may be a better travel book than usual, for he accepted his chaplaincy only on the condition that the whole country should be regarded as his parish.

It is said that, in spite of his admiration for the Hungarians, the English novelist believes that the misfortunes of their country have broken their spirit.

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GENESIS REVISED

ONE of the things that makes the *Manchester Guardian* so readable is its sense of humor. This, for instance, from an August issue: —

' . . . No, there's something radically wrong with the earth. I shall give it a good drenching; and if it's no better afterward, I must make a new earth, that's all.' But this Olympian utterance, heard on entering the railway compartment, concerned nothing more serious, it later appeared, than a defective valve-set.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Robert E. Lee — the Soldier, by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. London: Constable; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. $4.00.

ENGLAND, like America, has been reading Major-General Maurice's book on Lee with interest and — to judge from the comments of the reviewers — with approval. Now and again a dissenting voice is raised to point out a minor flaw, but there is no questioning the general applause of the critics, and therefore, presumably, of the public as well. Save for the merits of the book, there is no reason why interest should be thus general. Lee is by no means a British hero. It is much to be doubted whether the average educated Briton has very much more than heard of him. Military history of any kind — least of all the history of a foreign army — is scarcely a popular diversion. And yet this soldierly monograph on a great soldier is praised, partly because the book is so readable, partly because its hero is made so humanly appealing. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, praises it as 'a fascinating portrait.'

The *Saturday Review*, a weekly that is likely to be unsparingly critical, declares: —

> Everything that Sir Frederick Maurice writes on the art of war is masterly in conception and brilliant in execution. His new essay on Lee, the greatest of American generals, forms no exception to this well-established rule. We have already one classical study of the American Civil War on our shelves in the late Colonel Henderson's book on Stonewall Jackson, and Sir Frederick Maurice's sketch of Lee's military career, though slighter in texture and less elaborate in fabric, is deserving of a place by its side.
>
> The author tells us that he had more than one reason for devoting his labors at this time to an appreciation of Lee's brilliant generalship. For one thing, new light has been thrown upon his consummate strategy by the publication in 1915 of his confidential dispatches to Jefferson Davis. At that time our serious students of the military art were otherwise occupied to an extent which left these documents without adequate criticism in this country. For another, 'the Great War has set before us new standards by which to judge generalship.' The similarity between many of our own problems in 1914–18 and those which all but overcame the victorious good sense of Lincoln in 1861–65 is striking, and helps to explain the fact, noted by Sir Frederick Maurice, that the French General Staff has just added the history of the American Civil War to the list of subjects studied at the École de Guerre. It is a commonplace that the study of military history is indispensable to the would-be victor in the field, and though the arms change out of knowledge, the great principles of war remain constant. 'Read and reread,' said Napoleon, 'the eighty-eight campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick. Take them as your models, for it is the only means of becoming a great leader, and of mastering the secrets of the art of war.' It is the considered judgment of Sir Frederick Maurice, as we believe it has long been that of others among our highest military authorities, that Lee's name has better credentials for being added to this select list than that of any modern commander since Napoleon himself.
>
> Sir Frederick Maurice speaks very highly of Lee's Fabian tactics. 'The campaign of the Wilderness, of Spottsylvania, and the North Anna is a classical example in military history of how these objects should be sought. In method it was fifty years ahead of the times, and I believe that if the Allies in August 1914 had applied Lee's tactical methods to the situation which then confronted them the course of the World War would have been changed.' Perhaps the finest thing in all

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Lee's career was its close, in defeat but in honor. There is probably no other instance in history of the people flocking to cheer a conquered general. 'When Lee rode into Richmond, a paroled prisoner of war, he was welcomed vociferously by a crowd of men and women waving hats and fluttering pocket handkerchiefs. The character of the man had placed him, in the hearts of his comrades and his people, above the rebuffs of fortune.'

The pontifical *Times Literary Supplement* likewise indulges in comparison with Colonel G. F. R. Henderson's book on Stonewall Jackson: —

> It is no secret that the late Colonel G. F. R. Henderson always hoped to be able to follow up his study of Stonewall Jackson with a life of Lee which he would write on similar lines. He published occasional papers dealing with certain phases of Lee's campaigns and had collected a quantity of material for further work. To our great loss, death came to him just as he reached the fullness of his powers, and literature has remained the poorer for lack of a satisfying picture of one of the great military figures of history. It is therefore inevitable that anyone, especially a British officer, who would write of Robert E. Lee must challenge comparison with Henderson and his Stonewall Jackson. We do not mean to imply that Sir Frederick Maurice had any such intention, but that the earlier, and greater, work will always form a background in the mind of any reader who wants to appraise Lee as a strategist or tactician, or to make a full study of the American Civil War. The heavier burden has fallen upon the less massive shoulders. Nevertheless, if Sir Frederick Maurice has not produced exactly the work for which we have waited, we should be grateful to him for having filled a yawning gap on our shelves and provided a careful and very readable study of the great American soldier. It is, as he tells us in his preface, 'neither a life of Lee nor a history of the Civil War of 1861–65. It is an appreciation of Lee's generalship.' Whether Sir Frederick Maurice is right or wrong in placing his hero above Wellington is immaterial, for there can be no exact table of precedence, but few will deny Lee's right to a niche in the company of the great commanders.

This reviewer, however, will none of General Maurice's parallels between the conditions of '61 and 1914: —

> The weakest point in the book is the comparison which Sir Frederick Maurice occasionally tries to draw between the tactics of the War of Secession and those of the Great War. In one footnote he writes: —
>
> 'As some measure of Lee's achievement in delay it may be mentioned that with about sixty thousand men he caused Grant's one hundred thirty thousand to take a month to advance seventy miles. In 1914 the approximate number of the three armies of the German right . . . was six hundred thousand men, who were faced by about three hundred sixty thousand of the British Army and French Fifth Army. From the beginning of the Battle of Charleroi to the end of the retreat of the Allied Left was a period of sixteen days, and the length of the retreat of the British Army was 136 miles in a direct line.'
>
> The facts given are indisputable, but Sir Frederick Maurice must know that the conditions, especially of ground, were so entirely different in the two cases as to afford no genuine basis for comparison. Lee's wine was too good to need this bush.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BIRMINGHAM, GEORGE A. *A Wayfarer in Hungary*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925.

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NOVEMBER EVENTS ABROAD

NOVEMBER, like October, is one of the slack months in foreign travel, when all the summer tourists have gone home and few of the winter ones have yet set forth. It is not quite time for winter sports, and a great deal too late for summer ones. For the contemplative tourist who seeks only to know the lands through which he travels and their people, without the distraction of meeting his own countrymen, it is an ideal time for travel — providing he can stand the weather; for the number of 'things going on' is always small until the winter season begins in the early weeks of December.

FRANCE

Paris. Aeronautics Exhibition (November–December).

GREAT BRITAIN

London. Lord Mayor's Show (November 9); Special Observances of Armistice Day (November 11); Relic of Saint Edmund exhibited at Westminster Cathedral (November 16).

Airaines. Picturesque Fair of St. Clement (November 22–23).

Bordeaux. Contest for the finest ear of wheat in France. Discussion of food problems. (End of October and beginning of November.)

Bourg en Bresse. Performance of the Ébaudes. Scenes depicting the life in Bresse in 1830. (November 21–29.)

Lyon. Milk Week, under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture. Scientific, industrial, and commercial subjects relating to milk will be discussed. (November 5–12.)

Meursault. Fête of the Paulée for the wine-makers of Meursault (November 16).

ITALY

At various dates during this month the opera seasons will be opening.

Milan. Races for the Simplon Prize (100,000 lire).

Tokyo. Japanese state ceremony of Niiname Sai — the Harvest Festival (November 23). The Imperial Diet will open in December.

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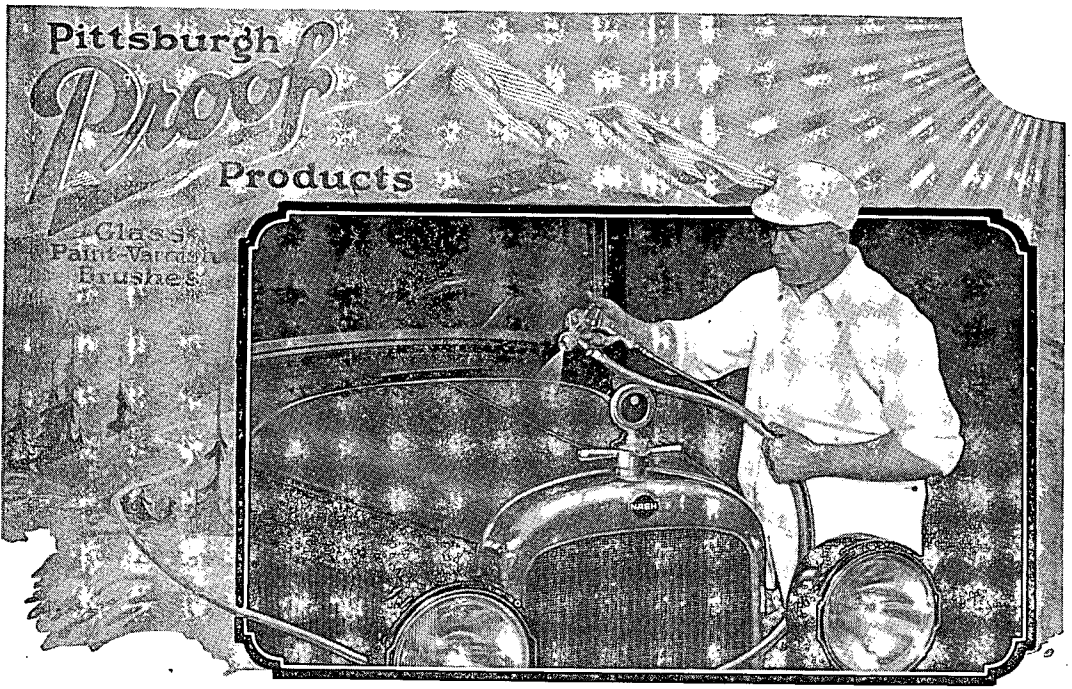

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Would You Like the Responsibility?

WOULD you like to feel that your least mistake might mean the death of 1200 of our finest men?

* * *

Did you know that at every target practice in our Navy, the ship's doctor prepares to take care of 100 dead and dying men?

* * *

Do you know how it feels to be aboard a battleship in action?

* * *

With all the impressions of a civilian, with all the knowledge of a commander, Captain Powers Symington, in the October Scribner's Magazine, describes a man o' war in action and gives us a glimpse at the men who command them.

* * *

Hearing the amazed comments of some civilians aboard his ship, Captain Symington realized how little most of us really know and how interesting would be a description of these people's experiences.

* * *

He wrote the article from the standpoint of a civilian and intended it for anonymous publication.

* * *

At the request of the Editor, who recognized the especial interest that would be attached to the article appearing under his signature, Captain Symington permitted his name to be used.

* * *

It is a revelation of experience and personality, one of several that appear in the October Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

H. C. Sproul's "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made On" is a beautifully written revelation of how a "misfit" in life finds joy and splendor in it.

* * *

Douglas Freeman's "Lee and the Ladies" brings to light a Robert E. Lee, hidden within cherished and intimate letters, published now for the first time.

* * *

Royal Cortissoz reveals an active, vigorous, American artist, George Bellows, who loved a baseball bat before he used a paint brush.

* * *

Edward W. Bok's "You" is, in effect, a conversation with thousands of his correspondents, drawn to him by his interest in people.

* * *

The October Scribner's Magazine doesn't make tin gods out of human beings, but it does bring to light a lot that is interesting about us mortals.

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